THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

VOL. IV. MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883. NO. 166.

SUMMER EVENING.

You ragged cliff looks gentler down,
The twilight dims its grisly scars;
Hushed earth awaits that second dawn—
The morning of the moon and stars.

Far, dotting clouds—ungarded flock—
And pleasure rove the pathless sky,
While brightest eyes of waters still
Look up and count them passing by.

The joyous birds, from paths of air,
Into the closed boughs have gone;
The little minstrels of the field
Alone their tireless pipes play on.

The nimble herds that take the hill,
The sober droves that crop the dell,
All beasts of toil, with creatures wild,
In universal shadow dwell.

John Vance Cheney, in Century.

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A child was playing with some building blocks, and, as the mimic castle rose before his eyes in graceful proportions, a new pleasure swelled in his heart. He felt himself to be the creator of a "thing of beauty," and was conscious of a new-born power. Arch, wall, buttress, gateway, drawbridge, lofty tower, and battlement were all the work of his hands. He was in wonder at his own skill in thus creating from an unseemly pile of blocks a structure of such rare design.

Silently he stood and gazed upon his castle with something of the pride of an architect, who sees, after months or years of skillfully applied labor, some grand conception in his art embodied in imperishable stone. Then he moved around, viewing it on every side. It did not seem to him a toy, reaching only a few inches in height and covering but a square foot of ground, but a real castle lifting itself hundreds of feet upward toward the blue sky and spreading wide upon the earth its ample foundations. As the idea grew more and more perfect, his strange pleasure increased. Now he stood with folded arms, wrapped in the overmastering illusions—now walked slowly around, viewing the structure on all sides and noting every minute particular—and now sat down and bent over it with the fondness of a mother bending over her child. Again he arose, purposing to attain another and more distant view of his work. But his foot struck against one of the buttresses and instantly, with a crash, wall, tower, and battlement fell in hopeless ruin.

In the room with the boy sat his father, reading. The crash disturbed him and he uttered a sharp, angry rebuke, glancing, for a moment, toward the startled child, and then returning his eyes to the attractive page before him, unconscious of the shadow he had cast upon the heart of his child. Tears came into those fair blue orbs, dancing in light a moment before. From the frowning face of his father to which his glance was suddenly turned, the child looked back to the shapeless ruins of his castle. Is it any wonder that he bowed his face in silence upon them and wet them with his tears?

For more than five minutes he sat as still as if sleeping, then, in a mournful kind of way, yet almost noiselessly, he commenced restoring to the box from which he had taken them the many-shaped pieces that, fitly joined together, had grown into a noble building. After the box was filled he replaced the cover and laid it carefully upon a shelf in the closet.

Poor child! That shadow was a deep one, and long in passing away. His mother found him, half an hour afterward, asleep on the floor, with cheeks flushed to an unusual brightness. She knew nothing of that troubled passage in his young life; and the father had forgotten, in the attractions of the book he read, the momentary annoyance expressed in words and tones, with a power in them to shadow the heart of his child.

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A young wife had busied herself for many days in preparing a pleasant surprise for her husband. The work was finished at last; and now she awaited his return, with a heart full of warm emotions. A dressing-gown and a pair of elegantly embroidered slippers, wrought by her own skillful fingers, were the gifts with which she meant to delight him. What a troop of pleasant fancies was in her heart! How, almost impatiently, did she wait for the coming twilight, which was to be dawn, not approaching darkness, to her.

At last she heard the step of her husband in the passage, and her pulses leaped with fluttering delight. Like a bird upon the wing, she almost flew down to meet him, impatient for the kiss that awaited her.

To men in the world of business few days pass without their disappointments and perplexities. It is men's business to bear this in a manly spirit. They form but a portion of life's discipline, and should make them stronger, braver, and more enduring. Unwisely, and we may say unjustly, too many men fail to leave their business cares and troubles in their stores, workshops, or counting-rooms, at the day's decline. They wrap them in bundles, and carry them home to shadow their households.

It was so with the young husband on this particular occasion. The stream of business had taken an eddying whirl and thrown his vessel backward instead of onward, for a brief space, and, though it was still in the current and gliding safely onward again, the jar and disappointment had fretted his mind severely. There was no heart-warmth in the kiss he gave his wife, not because love had failed in any degree, but because he had let care overshadow love. He drew his arm around her; but she was conscious of a diminished pressure in that embracing arm.

"Are you not well?"

With what tender concern was the question asked!

"Very well."

He might be in body, but not in mind; that was plain, for his voice was far from being cheerful.

She played and sang his favorite pieces, hoping to restore, by the charm of music, brightness to his spirit. But she was conscious of only partial success. There was still a gravity in his manner never perceived before. At tea-time she smiled upon him so sweetly across the table, and talked to him on such attractive themes, that the right expression returned to his countenance, and he looked as happy as she could desire.

From the tea-table they returned to their pleasant parlor. And now the time had come for offering her gift and receiving the coveted reward of glad surprise, followed by sweet kisses and loving words. Was she selfish? Did she think more of her reward than of the pleasure she would bestow? But that is questioning too closely.

"I will be back in a moment," she said, and, passing from the room, she went lightly up the stairs. Both tone and manner betrayed her secret, or rather the possession of a secret, with which her husband was to be surprised. Scarcely had her loving face faded from before his eyes when thought returned, with a single bound, to an unpleasant event of the day, and the waters of his spirit were again troubled. He had actually arisen and crossed the floor once or twice, moved by a restless concern, when his wife came back with the dressing-gown and slippers. She was trying to force her countenance into a gravity expressive, to hold back the smiles that were continually striving to break in truant circles around her lips, when a single glance at her husband's face told her that the spirit, driven away by the exorcism of her love, had returned again to his bosom. He looked at her soberly as she came forward.

"What are these?" he asked, almost coldly, repressing surprise and affecting an ignorance in regard to the beautiful present she held in her hands that he did not feel.

"They are for you, dear. I made them."

"For me! Nonsense! What do I want with such jimcrackery? This is a woman's wear. Do you think I would disfigure my feet with embroidered slippers, or dress up in a calico gown? Put them away, dear. Your husband is too much of a man to robe himself in gay colors like a clown or an actor." And he waved his hand with an air of contempt. There was a cold, sneering manner about him, partly affected and partly real—the real born of his uncomfortable state of mind. Yet he loved his sweet wife, and would not; of set purpose, have wounded her for the world.

This unexpected repulse—this cruel reception of her present, over which she had wrought patiently, in golden hope, for many days—this dashing to the earth of her brimful cup of joy, just as it touched her lips, was more than the fond young wife could bear. To hide the tears that came rushing to her eyes she turned away from her husband, and to conceal the sobs she had no power to repress, she went almost hurriedly from the room; and, going back to the chamber from whence she had brought the present, she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then, covering her face with her hands, she sat down and strove with herself to be calm. But the shadow was too deep—the heartache too heavy.

In a little while her husband followed her, and discovering, something to his surprise, that she was weeping, said, in a slightly reproving voice:

"Why bless me! not in tears! What a silly little puss you are! Why didn't you tell me you thought of making a dressing-gown and pair of slippers, and I would have vetoed the matter at once? You couldn't hire me to wear such flaunting things. Come back to the parlor"—he took hold of her arm and lifted her from the chair—"and sing and play for me. 'The Dream Waltz' or 'The Tremolo,' 'Dearest May' or 'The Stilly Night,' are worth more to me than forty dressing gowns or a cargo of embroidered slippers."

Almost by force, he led her back to the parlor and placed her on the music-stool. He selected a favorite piece and laid it before her. But tears were in her eyes, and she could not see a note. Over the keys her fingers passed in skillful touches, but when she tried to take up the song utterance failed, and sobs broke forth instead of words.

"How foolish!" said the husband, in a vexed tone. "I'm surprised at you!" And he turned from the piano and walked across the room.

A little while the sad young wife remained where she was left thus alone, and in partial anger. Then, rising, she went slowly from the room—her husband not seeking to restrain her—and going back to her chamber, sat down in darkness.

The shadows which had been cast upon her spirit was very deep, and, though the hidden sun came out again right early, it was a long time before his beams had power to scatter the clouds that floated in love's horizon.

The shadows we cast! Father, husband, wife, sister, brother, son, neighbor—are we not all casting shadows daily on some hearts that are pining for the sunlight of our faces? We have given you two pictures of life, true pictures, not as a mirror, but as a kaleidoscope. In all their infinitely varied relations, men and women, selfishly or thoughtlessly—from design, weakness, or ignorance—are casting their shadows upon hearts that are pining for sunlight. A word, a look, a tone, an act will cast a shadow and sadden a spirit for hours and days. Speak kindly, not kindly, be forgetters of self and regarders of others, and you will cast but few shadows along the path of life. The true gentleman is always tender of the feelings of others—always watchful, lest he wound unintentionally—always thinking, when with others, of their pleasure instead of his own. He casts but few shadows. Be gentlemen—ladies, or—in a word that includes all graces and excellencies—Christians, for it is the Christian who casts fewest shadows of all.

The Jersey Waist.

Many a young lady, *Harper's Bazar* tells us, finds the Jersey waist becoming to her, and seven of these waists complete the dresses of her summer outfit. There is a jetted silk Jersey to wear with black skirts; one of pale blue wool for a striped wool dress that shows blue, olive, rose, and cream-color in the stripes; a beaded scarlet Jersey for white, red, and black dresses; a brown wool Jersey that forms the waist to her traveling dress that has checked wool skirts; an ecru Jersey for pongee skirts; another of white wool to wear with blue and white flannel skirts in the country; and still another of white silk with crystal beading to wear with evening dresses. Since the Jersey has been deprived of its scant look and improved in shape by American modistes, who have added a collar, cuffs, plastings at the back, and sometimes a narrow vest, it has become both a popular and a fashionable garment. Those Jerseys made with sewed seams, forming a French back with some pleats in the middle seam, are preferred for slender figures, while those woven in the plain Jersey shape are liked for larger women. They are made without darts, and the single-breasted fronts have an English collar notched like the collar of a gentleman's morning coat, and above this is a high standing collar. Small cuffs are turned back on the sleeves and hemmed, and there are curved slits for pockets on each side. Modistes make a waist like this as a part of a suit and attach it permanently to the lower skirt, or else there is a sash like that of the lower skirt sewed on the edge of the Jersey; this style is liked for young ladies and school girls. Older ladies have the Jersey represent an outside basque simply hemmed on the edges, and finished in the back with a ribbon bow and loops over the pleating, or to make the back bouffant when there is no pleating. When the webbing is not thick it will show the white corset cover if tightly drawn over it, hence a cover of silesia or of thin silk the color of the Jersey cloth should be worn beneath it.

Bill Nye on Spring.

Spring, gentle, touchful, tuneful, breezeful, sootheful spring is here. It has not been here more than twenty minutes, and my arctics stand where I can reach them in case it should change its mind. The bobolink sits on the bass-wood vines and the thrush in the gooseberry tree is melodious as a hired man. The robin is building his nest, or rather her nest, I should say perhaps, in the boughs of the old willow that last summer was busted by thunder—I beg your pardon—by lightning, I should say. Strawberries are like a bald headed man's brow—they come high, but we can't get along without them.

I never was more tickled to greet gentle spring than I am now. It stirs up my drug-soaked remains and warms the genial current of life considerably. I frolicked around in the grass this afternoon and filled my pockets full of 1,000 legged worms and other little mementoes of the season. The little bare-foot boy now comes forth and walks with a cautious tread at first, like a blind horse; but toward the golden autumn the backs of his feet will look like a warty toad, and there will be big cracks in them and one toe will be wrapped up in part of a bedquilt and he will show it with pride to crowded houses.

Last night I lay awake for several hours thinking, when the loud and violent concussion of a revolver shot near West Main street and Cascade avenue rent the sable robe of night. I rose and lit the gas to see if I had been hit. Then I examined my pockets to see if I had been robbed of my lead pencil and season pass. I found that I had not.—*Boomerang.*

Vests and Cut-Away Jackets.

There is a return to vests and cut-away jackets in the tailor suits of serge, cheviot, flannel, or cloth made for traveling, seaside, and mountain dresses. The vest may match the jacket or be of contrasting color, red cashmere vests being much used with blue, green, or brown dresses; white pique vests are also used, and liked for their appearance of coolness. Kid and chamois-skin vests are made by London tailors, while those seen here are of russet leather, bronze, or else of the natural alligator skin with its ecru brown shade and fine marking. The leather vests are made very narrow, and are sometimes merely sham vests set on a like border on the front of the jacket, but those of cashmere or pique are genuine in shape, being sewed to the shoulder-seam and under-arm seams of the jacket. The skirt of the soft wool dress worn with these jackets may be laid in lengthwise pleats from top to bottom, and be entirely without drapery or overskirt, and if the wearer is slight and tall, there is usually a short tablier drapery which serves to enlarge the hips. Clear dark blue, brown, and gray are the colors most seen in the wool dresses for long journeys on steamers, and these are accompanied by a close turban, made of the dress goods, laid in many folds and wrinkles, and without other trimming.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A NEW JERSEY organ factory turns out one instrument every hour. And yet we wonder at crime and marvel at the crowded conditions of our insane asylums.

OUT ON THE PLAINS.

THE MANNER IN WHICH CATTLE ARE TREATED.

The Story as Told by One of the Cattle Raisers.

The history of cattle breeding on the plains and in the mountain valleys is one of cruelty to dumb animals. Thousands and thousands of cattle are annually frozen and starved to death on these wind-swept plains, because their owners believe and assert that it is cheaper to have them die than to provide food and shelter for them. For the suffering these cattle endure before death relieves them no stock breeder cares at all. They are equally indifferent to the money loss resulting from their death. Callousness of heart is an essential qualification for a cattle breeder who feeds his herd on plains of high altitude. Of the wickedness of the men who assume charge of horned stock and drive them into a country where numbers of them starve to death, or die of raging thirst in the winter, when the water holes are frozen, or freeze to death during the arctic-like storms, I have something to say.

If a farmer living in the valley of the Hudson should treat his stock as cattle are treated on the plains, a howl of virtuous indignation would resound throughout the Empire State, and the inhuman owner would be bitterly prosecuted in the courts. He would be taught that animals have rights, and that ownership does not give the right to torture. All men who have, in the spring, seen the weak, thin cows of the plains—cows that have raised calves and bear another at the same time—standing shivering, with hanging heads, and with the death stare sunk in their eyes, in the lee of willow bushes, or by widespread rails in fences, seeking protection from the cutting northern blasts, have had their hearts wrung. These cows are patiently waiting for the kind hand of death to release them from the cruel ownership of inhuman men. Their dead carcasses mutely protest against the outrageous abuse of ownership that is practiced on the grazing ground of the West.

Men who cheerfully, yes, eagerly, assist by word of mouth and gifts of money in suppressing all exhibitions of cruelty to animals in the streets of New York, embark in enterprises of cattle breeding on the Western plains, where more cruelty is practiced in one day in a single herd than is witnessed in all the streets of all the cities of the Union in a year. The cattle-breeding companies that are now springing into corporate existence all over this country should be openly incorporated, for instance, as "The Great Western Cattle Torturing Company," incorporated for the purpose of starving, freezing, and killing weak cattle by thirst, in arid regions of high altitude and intense cold, in the hope that the stronger cattle, that are able to withstand the abuse, grazing on untaxed ground, will profitably pay the investors.

I have seen blizzards on the plains that swept through a man who was clad in heavy woolens and fur overgarments as though he was dressed in tarlatan. I have known parties of buffalo hunters, men used to hardship, and whose stomachs were filled with buffalo marrow, and who are wrapped in blankets and robes, to freeze to death in their wagons while endeavoring to escape from the unendurable, icy blasts of an arctic-like blizzard. Cattle, weak and ill-fed on frost-bitten grass, disappear before these storms. They drift with the wind. As they pass by, the air is filled with the sound of their mournful moaning. They wander staggeringly along over the trackless plains, vainly endeavoring to find water with which to quench the intense thirst produced by exceedingly cold weather. The water holes are frozen. The weaker cattle drop out of the herd. They lie down to die. The snow drifts around them. They are freezing to death, and are still consumed by raging fever. The wolves attack them as they lay on the frozen ground, unable to rise, unable to protect themselves. The cry of despair uttered by the wretched animals when they realize that the horrible death of being eaten alive by carnivorous animals is their doom, is an unearthly one. As the peculiar bellow of an animal when it finds the scent of the blood of one of its fellows on the ground excites the herd with the information, "Here one of us has been slain," and renders them unmanageable, so does the death cry of a feeble cow frighten the drifting herd. They disappear down the wind. The wolves close in on the doomed animal. She struggles desperately to rise. In vain. The hungry wolves attack her. They tear her open. They drag her entrails out and devour them before her eyes. She dies and the wolves pick her bones, and then gallop after the herd.

The reported losses of three or four, or five per centum of a cattle brand during winter storms is thankfully received by the Eastern owners. It does not represent a large loss of money. I do not believe that there has ever been a herd of cattle wintered on the plains, where no provision was made for food for them, that did not lose much more than the reported loss. I speak of stock cattle, not of bands of picked steers; and I would not believe the reports if all the cruel men would insure cattle on the range lying between the Rio Grande and Saskatchewan Rivers swore to them. I have known entire herds to be lost. Of one herd of 1,000 beeves, not a single animal survived the winter of '71 and '72 in Kansas. No herd that I knew of lost less than thirty-three per centum, and the majority of stock men lost over sixty-six per centum during that winter. In the spring of 1880 I saw thousands of dead cattle and sheep lying on the banks of the Arkansas River. The number of cattle that preceded that loss, what of that?

No man of sensibility could possibly enjoy money earned by the sufferings of dumb animals committed to his care. Ownership of cattle implies more than the pocketing of the profits of a herd. It implies, imperatively implies, protective care of the animals.

I have seen cattle during cold spells, when the life-sustaining water was ice bound, gather around their accustomed watering places and moan for a drink. Some of these thirsty cattle, that were too weak to search for running water, would stupidly stand around the frozen pools until they fell and died from inflammation of the stomach. I have opened some of these cattle, and in all cases found the contents of their stomachs a hard, cake-like mass, and the stomachs highly inflamed. The sufferings these poor creatures endured before death relieved them must have been frightful. They were crazy with pain. As long as they had sufficient strength to stand they attacked every man who ventured near them.

I have seen cows so weak that they staggered as they walked give birth to calves in the most sheltered spots they could find. After the exhaustion of labor they arose and lovingly licked their offspring dry. This act performed, they braced themselves and coaxed the calf to nurse. Then lying down, reaction occurred. The first flush of maternity had passed, and they were unable to again arise. The starving calves bleated pitifully around their dying mothers. In answer to the calls of their young, the dams repeatedly endeavored to arise. They were so weak that when they were partially up they pitched forward on their heads. They struggled and struggled until their chins and foreknees were skinned. They died trying to perform their duty. The brutes who live in log cabins that stand by the banks of creeks that flow through the plains did not perform theirs. They regretted the loss of money that represented the value of the cow. That was all.

Is it a matter of surprise that cowboys are cruel and brutal? It is but a step from cruelty to dumb animals to murder—our brutality toward unresisting, because surprised, men.

I think I hear it exclaimed that gentlemen who are noted for their humanity engage in breeding cattle on the plains. Do they? A man who deliberately abuses cattle; who buys a brand with avowed intention of allowing it to starve, because it is cheaper to lose some than to feed all; who for the sake of pecuniary gain premeditates a murderous act of cruelty toward unresisting animals, may have the manners and speech of a gentleman, but a humane gentleman he is not.

FRANK WILKESON.

In the Field.

Joaquin Miller says that Gen. George Crook first came conspicuously to the front, at least in the estimation of the Pacific coast, as early as the spring of 1857, and in connection with the first great Pitt River war.

It was a formidable war and numbered its dead, on one side at least, by thousands and had many a hero in its day besides the great General at the head of this paragraph.

The Indians had risen and massacred all the settlers in the great rich valley of Pitt River, lying under the majestic presence of Mount Shasta to the southeast, and all Northern California for hundreds of miles around turned out in arms at the dreadful news.

General Crook was then stationed at Fort Jones, in Scott's Valley, a land and location not at all unlike the other great valley, but two hundred miles away and quite on the other side of Mount Shasta.

The volunteers were, of course, first in the field, and had butchered about a thousand women and children, as well as a few warriors before Crook with his regulars came around the great peak of snow through the pines and established something like discipline and a code of civilized warfare.

Fort Crook was built at the head of Pitt River Valley, the rough and bloody volunteers sent back to their respective mining camps, and Lieutenant Crook conducted the campaign vigorously and alone with his handful of regular soldiers, and before long had an honorable and substantial treaty with the savages.

To those familiar with the geography of that land it may be important to know that he fought over the same ground, and, in fact, fought the same Indians with his very few soldiers that held the now famous Lava Beds nearly twenty years later against nearly the whole Army of the United States. He had but one company, and that, if I remember correctly, was less than half full. Besides that, it is safe to say that the Indians were at least fifty if not one hundred fold stronger numerically than when led by Captain Jack, chief of the Modocs.

CORN BREAD.—Here is a new way of making corn bread, and if carefully prepared and baked the bread is delicious. Mix together thoroughly by putting through a sieve or other wire one pound of Indian meal and one pound and a half of wheat flour, two ounces of baking powder, and a table spoonful of salt; then beat together three ounces of sugar, three ounces of butter, and four eggs; add this to the flour and make a stiff batter, using warm milk in winter and cold in summer; bake in small tins.

ROASTED ON A RED-HOT SLAB.—Lafayette Bruder and William Thomas quarrelled at the Tredegar Iron Works, in Chattanooga, Tenn. The former being a powerful fellow raised Thomas like a child and laid him on his back on a red-hot slab of iron, holding him there until burned nearly to death. Bystanders interfered and prevented a horrible murder. Thomas's head and back are literally roasted, and his injuries may yet prove fatal.

THE ENGLISH DISASTER.

Awful Scenes at Sunderland Where so Many Children Were Smothered.

[From the London Times.]

A correspondent who visited the scene in the hall immediately after the accident at Sunderland telegraphs:

"I found laid out five rows of corpses, the number by this time reaching about sixty, many having already been removed up stairs at the back of the dress circle. Upon the floor at the west side of the dress circle was a long row of twenty corpses, nearly all girls, and on the east side there were twenty-one boys laid out dead. Judging from the appearance of these their ages varied from five to thirteen. Looking along the different rows in the hall below I saw some dreadful evidences of the sad nature of the event. In the first row only two bodies, both of girls about eight or nine years of age, remained, the other children who had been deposited there having all been identified and removed. In the second row the first body was that of a little boy about six years old, his face slightly discolored. Next to him was a lad whose face was terribly swollen and blackened, and then came three girls, the first about nine, the second about five, and the third about seven, all bearing signs of suffocation. A little space, and then two girls about eleven and six respectively, were placed together, the next bodies after these being those of two boys, one about six and the other five years of age."

In the third row the first was a little girl about five, then a boy about six, with his hands crossed in front, then a girl of eleven or twelve, whose clothes and lower garments had apparently been torn off in the struggle that had taken place, her remains being covered with a brown apron. After a short interval were three children, two girls and a boy of about five or six. Then came a little girl with her face dreadfully blackened. Her sufferings had evidently been intense, and blood had flowed from her left ear. Next to these in the same row were seven bodies, five boys and two girls, all, with one exception, bearing traces of having died a horrible death. The exception referred to was a boy whose face was white and placid, and very different from the swollen and darkened countenances of the bodies on each side of him. At the end of the row lay a girl about nine years of age, whose face was painfully swollen and distorted. Many bodies had been removed from the fourth row, but there still remained corpses, mostly boys. One little fellow of five years of age, lying at the end, had his jacket torn from his back, his vest was torn open in the front, and his mouth was cut and bleeding. Next to him lay a boy very black, but otherwise very composed-looking. Then came five dead bodies, one poor boy in the group being a dreadful picture, his face totally black, his mouth bleeding, and his clothes torn in the struggle. It must have been a dreadful death-struggle for those poor little children. It was afterward noticed that the boy just referred to was one of the last four to be identified. In the center of the batch was an affecting spectacle. It was the corpse of a little fellow who could not be more than four years of age. He had on a top coat, much too large for him; his little face was white and almost unmarked, appearing to be simply asleep. On close examination there was to be seen a bruise on his right eyelid. He looked quite composed, and did not appear to have suffered beyond the slight bruise, or whatever had caused the discolored eyelid. Two others of this group bore plain traces on their countenances of a severe attempt to free themselves from the deadly crush above them.

The last of this group was a girl of eight or nine years of age, whose clothes were torn to some extent. A short distance further were four more bodies, three girls and one boy, the boy being about six years of age, and the girls evidently about five, seven and nine years, one of the latter having a blackened appearance. In the fifth row, partly removed, were two girls about eight years of age, one of whom was in a dreadful state, her knees being covered with blood. The other one was a taller girl of about thirteen years of age, and then after a short interval were five bodies, all of whom but one were boys, and all of whom were more or less blackened and discolored. This finished my inspection of the saddening spectacle down stairs.

During this time—from seven to eight o'clock—some painful scenes took place. One woman fell down before the prostrate form of her boy, crying out, "My son, my son!" in loud tones of lamentation. It was at times heartrending to hear the screams of mothers as they recognized their children in the corpses before them. At half-past seven a woman who had come into the body of the hall recognized her daughter, a girl twelve or fourteen years old. She instantly became frightfully distracted, and for a time had to be held by policemen and friends, her shrieks being terrible and her agony intense. She could scarcely be got away from the corpse.

A CATFISH CAUSES TROUBLE.—For several days the Rock Island water-works have been practically useless. The authorities telegraphed to Ira Holly, and he having concluded an examination, made a special report to the City Council. He found that the pumps were working with power that should produce 27,000,000 gallons per day, but that the city was only getting about 6,000,000 gallons. Taking the pumps apart he found in them a catfish 3 feet 9 inches long, and weighing 50 pounds. Upon removing the fish, which had to be done in sections, the pumps worked all right.

IT the people who are always imagining that they are sick would only imagine that they are well doctors would live on small incomes.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

Some Large Melons—Kind to a Stranger—A Shave—Lime-Kiln Club Estimates—An Iowa Gale, Etc., Etc.

BEING KIND TO A STRANGER.

Among the passengers in a parlor car on the Lake Shore road recently was a handsome woman, whose husband shared the seat with her and who would have been picked out as a quiet, sedate, absent minded man. The seat opposite was occupied by a flashily-dressed young man, with a lady-killing twist to his moustache, and he was considerably surprised when the husband handed him a daily paper with the remark:

"Have a glance at the news; plenty of excitement around the country, I observe."

The young man was busy with the paper for half an hour, and then the husband offered him a popular magazine. This entertained him for an hour, and he had scarcely closed the book when the good man reached over with:

"Have a cigar. These are prime Havanas, and I know you will enjoy one."

The young man accepted with thanks, and naturally made his way to the smoking car, where he put in nearly another hour, but without the other's company. When he returned he was greeted with:

"Perhaps you'd like to look at the latest novel? Very entertaining, I assure you."

He read until weary, and upon being offered another cigar replied that he was to leave the train at the next station, and added:

"I want to thank you for your courtesies."

"Oh, don't mention it."

"You never saw me before?"

"Never."

"Don't know my name?"

"No."

"Then tell me why you were so courteous to an entire stranger."

"Young man, I will explain. In times past when a loafer sat and stared at my wife as a steady job I got up at the end of an hour and broke his neck. This made me much trouble and expense, and I changed the programme. I now carry books and cigars to bribe them. Had you been going a hundred miles farther I should have offered you a drink of brandy, a new puzzle, two more dailies and another cigar, and my wife would have secured quite a rest."

"Sir! I—"

"Oh, it's all right—all right! It was cheaper than throwing you out of the window, and I hope you'll get up to the hotel safely. Good day, sir—good day, glad to have met you!"

And that young man with the lady-killing moustache and crockery-colored eyes and hair parted on an even keel picked up his grip and walked out without being certain whether he had been mashed in a collision or pulverized under a land-roller.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHAVING BY PIECEMEAL.

A commercial drummer, with several heavy cases in hand, panted into Warth's barber shop, adjoining the State Street House, lately. One side of his face had several day's growth of whiskers, while the other side was perfectly smooth. He threw himself into a chair. "Shave me," he said brusquely. The astonished barber began to adjust a cloth about his neck, looking at the drummer's face meanwhile with eloquent curiosity. "Been in the barber chair once this morning, haven't you?" queried the barber. "Twice," said the stranger, correcting him, "once in Philadelphia and once in Bristol. Got my face lathered in Philadelphia and then saw I couldn't make my train unless I started. Got the barber to wipe off my face, and ran and got on just as the train was moving. At Bristol I thought I'd have time to do some business and get shaved and catch the next train. Got through with my business, ran into a barber shop, got lathered again, and got half of my face shaved, when I heard the train coming. Jumped up and paid the barber, and again had my face wiped off, and struck for the depot and got the train just as it was moving. People on the train looked at me and then turned away and whispered. They thought I was an escaped lunatic. I want a close shave, please, and take your time to it. I'm going to make up for this helter-skelter business in the morning."—*Trenton Times.*

SOME ESTIMATES.

The Committee on Agriculture, of the Lime-Kiln Club, announced that it had finished its labors regarding the melon crop of 1883, and desired to submit the following:

The total number of melons for this season will be 145,852,287.

The total number which will find their way into the hands of colored persons by purchase or otherwise will be 60,000,000.

The number of melons which will be carried home, put on ice and found to be as green as grass when carved for dinner, will be, 3,281,157.

The report was accepted and the committee discharged, and at the same time a resolution by Shindig Watson that the club offer a reward of $50 to any one discovering a way to preserve watermelons the year round, was voted down by a large majority.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOME BIG MELONS.

I was talking with an old planter in Arkansas bottoms about watermelons, and he threw away his "chaw" and remarked:

"Wall, I dunno. I was in watermelyons four seasons, and I lost money.

"Didn't you have good crops?"

"Right thar was the trouble, sir," he replied. "The fust year I kinder let the niggers run the business, and I'll be chawed, sir, if six or eight of 'em didn't break their backs lifting them ar' mellyons into carts to tote 'em to the landing! I've got six cripples for life to take car' of on account of that crop."

"And the second year?"

"Well, I run the patch myself the second year. I thought I'd see what old Crittenden county could do when she had a fair show, and the result was pretty nigh what you call a calamity. I picked out a thousand mellyons for shipment to Cairo, and it took six niggers and a span of mules to git each one down to the landing. I had 'em all set up in a row, ready for a steamer, when along cum a lot of refugee niggers from the bottom lands and squatted on me."

"How?"

"Why, every head of family preempted one o' them big mellyons for a cabin, and went to keeping house inside of it as grand as you please."

"You don't tell me?"

"And to show the ingratitude of the race let me tell you that they took the seeds and dumped 'em into the river right thar' and started a sand-bar which obleeges the boat to land three miles further down the river. I reckon thar' might be money in mellyons if you could git 'em up North, but you can't stand around with a shotgun and tell a nigger who has been overflowed out, that he can't come the cabin dodge on you. You see, it's kinder human natur' to feel sorry for 'em."—M. QUAD.

HE JUMPED AT THE CONCLUSION.

"I can't understand why my milk has such a strong cucumber taste," remarked a milkman in a grocery store to the crowd who sat around on barrels and boxes.

"I guess I can explain it," piped out a little freckle-faced man who was perched on a cheese box.

"Let's hear it," exclaimed several.

"Well," slowly replied the small man, "you know there is such a thing as cucumber wood?"

"O, yes, of course," said the milkman, apparently proud of his knowledge.

"And it is possible;" continued the cheese-box orator with a shade of sarcasm, "that your pump is made of that kind of wood, and—"

But the milkman suddenly skipped out, and the conversation drifted into politics.—*New York Dairy.*

THE SEVENTH IN ITS PEEKSKILL CAMP.

One of the guards who was on duty at night was approached by a short and stout man in uniform, who walked with his hand placed upon the base of his stomach.

"Who goes there?" called the sentinel, presenting his musket.

"I am der band," said the stout man, in a mournful tone.

"Well, have you got the countersign?" the guard inquired.

"No," said the stout man sadly, "but I haf got der colic. Blease let me pass till I go by der hospital tent."—*New York Times.*

THE COACHMAN'S NAME.

A family living in the country hired a new coachman, and his name was William. As both the gentleman of the house and his eldest son were named William, it was thought advisable, to avoid confusion, to call the coachman by his last name.

William had no objection to the plan, and was asked to state his surname.

"Deary," said he with a diabolical grin.

The family shuddered. Think of it. How would this sort of thing sound:

"Deary, come here a minute. Out me some flowers for a bouquet, Deary. How long I have been waiting for you, Deary!"

The family resolved to stand by William.

ECLIPSED AN IOWA GALE.

Out by the scenes of the cyclone yesterday afternoon was a hard-headed son of Iowa. Engaging in conversation with a *Times* reporter, the Iowa man remarked that this was not much of a cyclone. He knew of one up in Iowa which blew an iron bridge a mile. Many persons were killed. "One man," said the Iowa monopolist of real cyclones, "was blown I don't know how far off. When he got up half a mile people were looking at him through a spyglass."

Just then a champion from Connecticut turned up to take a hand in the cyclone controversy. "We had two cyclones," he said "and one of them was very wonderful. It actually blew away a cellar which had just been dug, and blew all the key holes out of a house and left the house standing. The next day the owner had to pry open the doors with a crowbar. You see all the key holes had been opposite, but were now missing; there was a terrible draft, and——"

"Where did this happen?" sternly demanded the Iowa man, taking out a memorandum book.

"Winsted," responded the Connecticut man meekly.—*Kansas City Times.*

A BAD LOT.—Two young men of excellent address, with their wives of equally good appearance, offered their services as clerks in a Missouri store. As they showed a familiarity with the business, and were willing to work for half of the usual wages, the four old employees of the concern were dismissed to give places to the strangers. One dark night at the end of a month they disappeared with $9,000 worth of goods.

THOSE EYEBROWS.—A girl with singularly arched eyebrows attracted attention, and, as her hair was pulled back hard from her forehead, an observer guessed that the taut skin was responsible for the peculiarity. "You're wrong entirely," said his companion; "she's wearing what the girls call 'surprised eyebrows.' It's done with a touch or two of black pigment. That's going to be the rage this summer."

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Tickets West, Northwest, South and South west, via Grand Trunk Ry., Plymouth, N. H. (House Tested Line.) Paris, Retained from New York, Boston and Saturday Steamship Co., Ocean Steamship (Anchor and National Lines). To and From England, via Allan Line Royal Mail and Connecting Steamships. Rates and Steamers secured to Advance. For Tickets or Information address

F. C. LOCKER, Agent,
Plymouth, N. H.

General Ticket Office, B. C. & M. & White Mt. R. R. jessdly19

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And traveling expenses is what every man or woman wants who engages with the Standard Silver Co. Any man of ready, energy and ambition can secure a position with us. We will pay you a salary or allow large commissions, as you may prefer. Our business is new and original, and we have the exclusive territory. Men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work. No capital required. We furnish you everything. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. Full particulars and all that is needed sent free. Address STANDARD SILVER CO., Portland, Me. jessly dsm1

$72 a week made at home by the industrious. Some business now pays more than this. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in the spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make great pay. You are started and provided with everything. Nothing like it ever offered before. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay, write for particulars to H. ALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. jessly dec1

U. S. MAIL.

Dr. E. G. Jones may be consulted Free by mail on all diseases. No one at all sick or in pain should neglect to write him. No one who writes him need fear exposure. No matter how sick, or how many doctors you have tried, write him a trial. You will never regret it. Medicines sent everywhere. Consultation and advice free. Can refer to hundreds in our city. Address all letters

E. G. JONES, M. D.,
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There is nothing better than 1st mortgage loans on these lands, as they produce the most and wheat in the world. We refer to Hon. D. M. Dow, B. Copeland or Farmers and Mechanics National Bank, Plymouth, N. H. jessly31

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Makes Practical Arithmetic easy for all. Simplifies the art of computation, and enables every Farmer, Trader, Mechanic and Student to make instantaneous calculations in all their business transactions. It weighs a freight as quickly as any one can speak it known. It is really a set of elegantly bound, accompanied by a Memorable History, Calendar Month, Perpetual Calendar, and Valuable Pocket Book.

English Cloth, 25c., Morocco, $1.00,
Russia, $1.50.

Send your name on receipt of price.

Young Farmers and others wanted to Agents. Sells rapidly. Address

FRED L. HUNTINGTON, Gen'l Agent,
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WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings. Such people, and all who are unemployed, or those who do not happen to like their occupations, can learn of something to their advantage by addressing at once, with stamp, B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. We want one man or woman in each county, and will pay more than the ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full particulars and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me jessly dsm1

OLD BLANCHARD Cchurn Will All Invent Improvements.

Five sizes made for family dairies. Five sizes for factory use. Also Box Churn. Churn stock and the best work. Strong, simple, efficient, convenient and durable. No wood to break. Send for circular. "The Best," head for cut of factory. Size required to POETER SLAUGHTER & SCHAEFER'S SONS, Cincinnati, O. H.

NEW BUTTER WORKER

Operating on the principle of friction and powerful pressure, is rapid and effectual, affording no chance for injury. Works to the satisfaction of every one who uses it. Certain, easy, quick, and clean. Send for circular. Address POETER & SCHAEFER'S SONS, Cincinnati, O.

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IN MIND

that S. F. BLODGETT & SON'S is the best place to buy Custom Boots and Rubbers. All goods made to order are warranted to give entire satisfaction, or no sale. We always have on hand Gents' Boots and Shoes, and make to order. Also, Dealers in Leather and Shoemakers' General Supplies.

9 Warren Street, Concord, N. H.
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LIVE MEN WANTED.

We want 25 more live, energetic men and women to sell Subscriptions, and to the right ones we can give steady employment and good pay. Most come WELL recommended. A knowledge of the English and Germans. We can teach you.

R. C. CHASE & CO.,
9 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.
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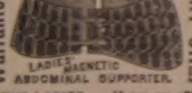
Children Wanted To Board.

A lady living on a pleasant farm in Bridgewater, N. H., will take a few children to board for the summer season. They will have good care, pleasant rooms, and the use of the grounds of a pleasant house and fruit, pure air. For further particulars address JOURNAL OFFICE, Plymouth, N. H. jessly19

DISEASE CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE.

THIS MAGNETIC BELT IS WARRANTED TO CURE



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For Lame Back, Weakness of the Spine, Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhœa, Irregularities, Suppression and Obstruction of the Womb, Inflammation, Ovarian Troubles, Hysteria, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Kidney Complaint, Nervous Prostration, Impotency, Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, Change of Life, this is the Appliance you need. It is endorsed by the most eminent physicians as a powerful magnetic force to the end of the nerves.

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And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For exciting Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. J. C. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will relieve more cases than any other remedy, and will positively cure other cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free. Sold by druggists. Price 50c. and $1. Send for pamphlet. Address I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the diseases of horses result from bad blood. Cattle are subject to the same evils. So says that Scientific Farmer, Dr. Hollister. Dr. Hollister's Condition Powders are eminently pure and wholesome. Their use will prevent disease and make horses and cattle fat. Sold by druggists. Price, 1 box, $1; 6 for $5. Sent free by mail, on receipt of price. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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For Sale by H. F. WYATT, Town Hall Drug Store, Plymouth, N. H.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the

BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St. New York City. Druggists sell it.

TRADE MARK

Dr. Clark Johnson:—

The use of your reliable Indian Blood Syrup has cured me of a severe pain in my side. I advise suffering humanity to give it a trial.

S. KENNA.

ve1jan24

NORTH WEARE, N. H., Oct. 4 1880.

Dr. Clark Johnson:—

I was afflicted with severe Running Sores on my hip, which confined me to my bed. Hearing of your Indian Blood Syrup, I procured some, and a short trial has given me almost entire relief. I cannot praise it too highly.

ISAAC E. WYMAN.

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Diseases of the Stomach.

PORTSMOUTH, Rockingham County, N. H.

DR. CLARK JOHNSON:—I had a Weak Stomach and was unable to attend to my work, and could not eat to keep on my strength. I purchased some of your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP and was greatly benefited by its use.

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Furniture.

Special prices on Chamber Sets, Spring Beds and Mattresses, Easy Chairs and Lounges, during the Summer Months.

Drapery.

Lace Curtains, Lambrequins, Drapery Goods, Cornice Poles, Window Shades and Curtain Fixtures.

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We do our own Upholstery, and will guarantee our goods and prices not to be beaten.

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A BOOK THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE.

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WOODSTOCK.

Poor hay weather.

July 4th, passed very quietly. A picnic was held in Isaac Fox's pine grove. They had martial music and Fire-works in the evening. A good time was enjoyed by all.

Daniel Dearborn is suffering greatly with erysipelas in his foot; he cannot walk upon it. He is recovering under the skillful treatment of Dr. Moody of Franconia.

Jimmie Smith has been home on a visit.

Services have been held in the First Baptist church two Sabbaths, and there will be meetings until further notice.

C. H. Russell is progressing finely with his new barn and ell.

The "awful hot" weather of last week made us almost wish we were a cake of ice packed in the bottom of the chest.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody Howland recently had the pleasure of sitting down to the supper table with all of their children, fourteen in number.

Charles A. Smith, Sr., is slowly recovering from the effects of a broken arm.

Mrs. John Fisk still remains in quite poor health.

July 4th, was ushered in by the booming of cannon, heavy thunder, and the lightening's vivid flash, which, with other noisy demonstrations made the morning more wakeful than was desired. Frequent showers from six o'clock till noon dampened the patriotic zeal of many, as well as the ground, still the afternoon proved to be bright and sunny. The fire works displayed in the evening was well attended and proved a success. The display consisted of garden pieces, bombs, vertical wheels, and all kinds of rockets.

A league is three miles.

A cubit is two feet.

A storm blows 36 miles per hour.

Every year adds to the testimonials of those cured of heart disease by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. One patient said, "The first dose helped me, and I knew I was sure to be cured by it." You cannot make a mistake by using it; it grows in favor each year. Pamphlet free of F. E. Ingalls, Concord, N. H. Price $1.00 per bottle. For sale by druggists. jes4mjuly1

A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above.—N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. jesalym26

A farthing was 3 cents.

Picture framing of all kinds is made a specialty at Coburn's bookstore in Museum building, Manchester. There will also be found a large stock of books and periodicals, including the works of standard authors, gold pens and pencils, work boxes, and a variety of fancy articles needed in the household, and all selling at bottom prices. jesaftmar8

Printing was discovered in 440.

Original incidents in the line of soldiers from this vicinity who served during any war, especially the late rebellion, stories of old settlers who once lived about here, etc., no matter by whom written, wanted. Box 349 Plymouth, N. H. jesaftapril12

A square mile contains 640 acres.

Plymouth Real Estate Office, Tufts' New Block. Desirable City and Country Property For Sale or Exchange on Favorable terms. Advertising done for nothing. Situations Procured, Help Furnished, and other business of like character transacted. Communications freely answered. jesaftmar15

Thomas Moore was born in 1779.

Peruvian Syrup cures dyspepsia, general debility, liver complaint, boils, humors, chronic diarrhœa, nervous affections, female complaints, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood. jel0mapril19

Congress first met in Washington in 1800.

THE GOLDEN RULE, Boston, Mass., is one of the best $2.00 religious weeklies in the world. Non-sectarian, pure, bright and readable. It is a religious and moral help in any family. The publishers will send it to any new subscriber from now to July 1, 1884, for only 50 cents. Address as above. jes5fjune25

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

E. R. Coburn & Co., 740 Elm street, Manchester, are advertising to-day picture frames, ready made or manufactured to order. They are thoroughly conversant with that branch of business, and no doubt good bargains may be obtained from them, as the firm is an old and reliable one. jesaftapril10

The Corn Law was abolished in 1846.

Work given out. On receipt of your address we will make an offer by which you can earn $3 to $7 evenings, at your home. Men, Women, Boys or Girls can do it. H. B. WILKINSON & Co., 195 and 197 Fulton Street, New York. jes6mapril18

A shekel was about 50 cents.

Save Your Pictures.

By having them framed at the best and cheapest place in the city, E. R. Coburn & Co., 740 Elm. St. the old reliable firm. Frames to order, wholesale and retail, from the cheapest to the best carved or gilded. jesaftfeb14

Sir John Franklin was last seen in 1845.

To any one (who can fill the bill) in want of a salaried situation with an established firm, we call attention to the advertisement of R. G. Chase & Co., headed "five men," in another column. jes26mar13

An ephah, or bath, contained 7 gallons, and 4 pints.

Parties who have pictures to be framed are reminded that they can have the work done at Coburn's bookstore in Museum building, Manchester, and that it will be perfectly satisfactory as to quality and price. Mr. Coburn keeps a large stock of frames and framing material, and employs experienced workmen. jesaftmar8

A firkin was 7 pints.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once, and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gum, reduces inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. jesalyfeb14

THE ART OF WATCHMAKING.

American watches are all the rage now, and very properly so for the reason that for simplicity of construction and durability, they are unsurpassed. The Waltham, Howard, Elgin, Springfield, Rockford, Philadelphia and Anburndale Manufacturies are all making a class of goods that stand the severe tests of our American mechanics, such as steamboat and railroad employees, blacksmiths, carpenters and laboring men generally. They find in the American watch a reliable time piece such as has never been given the public before. Mr. L. B. Hull, of Ashland is a watchmaker of ability and has had large experience in the manufacture of watches of all grades. He was with the Waltham watch company seven years, with the United States watch company, New Jersey, 2 years, and with the Howard watch company, Roxbury, for nearly the same time, having besides an experience of over ten years as apprentice and journeyman watchmaker. We had occasion to go into his office a short time ago, and in a very courteous manner Mr. Hull explained to us the American watch making, comparing it with the old hand-labor method, of our foreign neighbors. Mr. Hull is evidently master of his business we may judge, by his clear manner of explanation. Mr. Hull proved to us beyond a doubt that to be a good workman, a man must have great patience, great perseverance, a long and reliable apprenticeship and a liking for the business. We have seen a number of gentlemen who have had watches repaired by Mr. Hull, and they are delighted with the manner in which the work was executed. We predict for Mr. Hull flattering prospects in the future. Mr. Hull also explained to us how mails and hair springs are made, and dials manufactured, together with the process of making screws and hardening them. It was astonishing to learn how fast and how easily they are made. In regard to the manufacturers of jewels we learned what we never thought of before, and the knowledge was beneficial. We learned from how they first start to make a watch in figuring up the train, (that is the wheels,) how the teeth are cut and what method is taken to put them in proper position; how they adjust the escapement, and how finally, they spring the watch and bring it to time; how they adjust them to position and to isochronism. Watch making is truly a fine art when you have so thoroughly learned in theory and practice as Mr. Hull evidently has. He invites all who are interested in watch making to give him a call.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

The August number is even more brilliant than usual; the variety and excellence of the contents are highly creditable to the editor, and commend it not only to religious but to general readers—they combine most edifying, entertaining and instructive reading. No. VII. of Religious Denominations in the United States, "What is Episcopacy?" is contributed by Rev. Charles H. Hall, D. D.; there are portraits of the late Bishops Channing Moore, of Virginia, and Wainwright, of New York. "The American Pilgrim in Palestine," by De Leon, and "Among the Natives of the North," by Lieuteuent Schwatka, are continued. There are also interesting articles by Ida Hervey, Rev. W. W. De Hart, Alfreton Hervey, Rev. H. Benham, Rev. H. M. Field, etc. The charming stories "The City of the Sun," and "Mr. Barke's Nieces," are continued, and there are essays, sketches and poems of rare merit. The editor, T. De Witt Talmage, contributes "Helpfulness," and a sermon to the Home Pulpit, "Spice in Religion." The miscellany is abundant and the illustrations profuse. No family should be without this excellent magazine. Price 25 cents a copy; $3 a year, postpaid. Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!

To All Wanting Employment.

We want Live, Energetic and Capable Agents in every county in the United States and Canada, to sell a patent article of great merit, on its merits. An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every house-owner, it might not be necessary to make an "Extraordinary Offer" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $150 to $600 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least, $100 in this time, above all expenses, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. Any agent or General Agent who would like ten or more counties and work them through sub-agents for ninety days, and fail to clear at least $750 above all expenses, can return all unsold and get their money back. No other employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more than double the amount we guaranteed, and that but two sales a day would give a profit of over $125 a month, and that one of our agents took eighteen orders in one day. Our large descriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and these we wish to send to every one out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. We would like to have the address of all the agents, sewing machine solicitors and carpenters in the country, and ask any reader of this paper who reads this offer, to send us at once the name and address of all such they know. Address at once, as this advertisement will not appear again, and you will lose the best chance ever offered to those out of employment to make money.

RENNER MANUFACTURING CO.,
161 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
jesa3july10

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE is the wonder of the day. It is a complete success because only the best materials were put into it and every detail carefully attended to—Just so with the Hanover Crackers; they are the best; be sure and buy them. jesa1t

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-8.

The horrors of war are nothing to the horrors of Neuralgia. Immediate relief may be had by bathing the head with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and snuffing it up the nostrils. jesa1t

A homer contained 75 gallons, and 5 pints.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly, to purify and enrich the blood, improve the appetite, strengthen the nerves, and brace up the system. It is therefore in the truest sense an alterntive medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial. jesa1t

MR. HERRICK OF BEAU-MANOR.

William Perry Herrick, Esq., of Beau Manor Park, in the county of Leicester, J. P. and D. L., M. A. Oxford, and High Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1855, died on the 15th inst., at his seat near Loughborough. He was only son of Thomas Balnbrigge Herrick, Esq., of Gray's Inn, by Mary, his wife, only daughter of James Perry, Esq., of Erdesley Park, in the county of Hereford, and succeeded to the family estates at the death of his uncle in 1832. He was the representative of a very eminent Leicestershire family derived from Sir William Heyricke, M. P., at one time ambassador to the Ottoman Porte and younger brother of Nicholas Heyricke, of London, banker, the father of Robert Heyricke, the poet.—Dent Smith, whose father married one of the family, has left a very eulogistic description of the ancestry of this house. Mr. Herrick married Aug. 15, 1862, Sophia, youngest daughter of Jonathan H. Christie, Esq., but had no issue. He possessed besides the patronage of five livings, a considerable landed estate, and was one of those untitled gentlemen—like Mr. Chaplin of Blankney, Mr. Montagu of Melton, Mr. Winfield Digby of Sherborne Castle, Mr. Talbot of Margam, Colonel Towneley of Towneley, Mr. Luttrell of Dunster, Mr. Weld Blundell of Ince, and "such large-nered men"—who figured prominently in the new "Domesday Book" just issued by Parliament.—*From Ill. London News, Feb. 26, 1876.*

The will and codicil dated Jan. 17, 1872, and Nov. 22, 1875, of Mr. William Perry Herrick, late of Beau Manor Park, Leicestershire, who died on Feb. 15, last, were proved on the 21st ult., by Mrs. Sophia Perry Herrick, the widow. Charles Davidson and James Bowker, three of the surviving executors, the personal estate being sworn under £800,000. The testator bequeaths to the Loughborough Dispensary, the Leicester Infirmary, the Leicester Lunatic Asylum, the Wolverhampton General Hospital, the Wolverhampton Orphan Asylum, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, £500 each; to the Wolverhampton Blue-Coat School, the Infant Orphan Asylum, Leicester, the Female Asylum, Leicester, and the Home for Penitent Females, Leicester, £200, each, all clear of legacy duty; to his wife, £10,000; upon trust for Jonathan Henry Christie for life, and after his death for four of his children, £20,000; and a large number of other legacies and other annuities. The residue of his personalty is to be laid out in the purchase of freehold property, to be held to the same uses as his settled estates. All his farm lands and hereditaments in the county of Salop, he devises to the use of Henry James Christie and his heirs.

In default of children, he devises the principal part of his real estate in the counties of Leicester, Monmouth, Hereford, Worcester, Stafford, and Radnor, to the use of his wife for life, with remainder to his kinsman, Richard Dyott, for life, (upon whom also, is settled the residue of the real estate at once,) with remainder to his sons, and in default of sons, the whole of the real estate in the said six counties is to go for life to the Hon. Montagu Curzon, the son of his friend, the late Earl Howe, with remainder to his first and other sons.—*From Ill. London News, May 6, 1876.*

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In order to have every musician see a copy of THE STANDARD MUSICAL JOURNAL we will send it FREE to any one who will send us the names of five persons who play the piano or organ, in power of the latest and most popular Sheet Music with beautifully illustrated and gilt title, and a copy of the ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, containing about two dollars' worth of music, musical matters, intelligence, and a prize department, enabling every subscriber to receive large amounts in cash and other prizes. A music-list new idea. Besides the above, we will send a pack of general information and a fine Oleograph gift-card, together with our grand terms to clubs. A fine GOLD WATCH given for a few subscribers.

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Cures Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Dropsy, Humors, Female Complaints, Liver Complaint, Remittent Fever, and all diseases originating in a bad State of the Blood, or accompanied by Debility or a low State of the System.

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WILL CERTAINLY CURE

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and every Affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Sold by all Druggists.

THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES

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SOAP

Not only for its Purity, but because of a superiority in

WASHING QUALITIES

Peculiar to the manufactures of

WM. SYRACUSE & CO.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The reputation of this and other brands of Curtis Davis & Co.'s Soaps has made the name of "Davis" popular in every community in relation to the use of soap. That this reputation has suffered by people accepting almost any kind marked "Davis" is true, but that all may know when they actually do get Curtis Davis & Co.'s goods is the object of this notice. Possessing a pure and superior Washing quality their soaps cannot be sold in competition with numerous brands under the name of "Davis" now on the market. If you want the genuine articles, see that the full name of Curtis Davis is stamped on every bar and wrapper as above.

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RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL

Cures Headache, Burns, Sprains, Cuts, Wounds, Rheumatism, Toothache, Earache, Blisters, etc. Unequalled in quality, at half the price. 6 oz 25 cts. Pints, 50 cts. Quarts, $1.00.

THE GREAT SUMMER APPETIZER, $1.00.

Have your druggist order, if he has not in stock, of

CHARLES F. RISLEY, New York.

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REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay, all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. jesaly dec1

PAYNE'S 10 Horse Spark-Arresting Portable Engine has cut 10,000 ft. of Michigan Pine Board in 10 hours, burning slabs from the saw in eight foot lengths.

Our 10 Horse We Guarantee to furnish power to saw 8,000 feet of Hemlock boards in 10 hours. *Our 12 Horse will cut* 10,000 *feet* in same time. Our Engines are GUARANTEED to furnish a horse-power on ⅓ less fuel and water than any other Engine not fitted with an Automatic Cut-Off. If you want a Stationary or Portable Engine, Roller, Circular Saw Mill, Shafting or Pulleys, either cast or Mehlart's Patent Wrought Iron Pulley, send for our illustrated Catalogue, "V" for information and prices. E. W. PAYNE & SONS, Corning, N. Y. Box 944

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Williams Sewing Machines

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Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. Ayer's Pills are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being composed entirely of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AYER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Kidneys, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they leave no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

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Of all kinds at prices that can't be beaten. Come and see for yourself.

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On and after June 15th, I shall be prepared to receive a few pupils in Vocal and Instrumental Music on either Piano or Organ. Voice Building and Vocal Technique a specialty. Especial pains taken with children. Terms moderate. I respectfully solicit your patronage.

Mrs. Emma B. Hull,
jesaftmay1 ASHLAND, N. H.

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Kerosene Oil Stove

Call at any stove store and ask to see the Boston Gem Improved Kerosene Stove. It is warranted to work equal to any stove in the market, and only costs but one-half the price. It is lighter to handle than any stove, and is warranted to wear as long; do not purchase your Kerosene Stove until you see this one.

Ask for the Boston Gem and take no other.

If your dealer has not got it, write to

F. MORANDI,

120 Union Street, *BOSTON, Mass.*

jesa augl6tf

THE NEW RESTAURANT.

The new restaurant was opened Monday for the first time, although its surroundings are not entirely finished, but soon will be. One continuous counter extends around four sides of the room, the attendants standing inside, while the patrons have a clear space outside between it and the walls. Finely polished wood was used in the construction of the counter, and that employed elsewhere with the attractive fixting, etc., gives the whole a fine appearance. Patent hinged stools swinging on iron arms are fastened to the counter with an iron foot rail underneath, so that patrons can sit and eat very comfortably, while the unoccupied seats can be quickly swung out of the way. Supplies are let down through the roof in a small elevator, being brought from the Pemigewasset House kitchen through a small extension of the same upon the roof, the restaurant being one story lower. A small room is built in the centre and rear where dish washing, etc., is carried on. A stand with three large handsome, silvered, upright, cylinder tanks containing coffee, tea and water all kept warm by gas, are in the centre inside the counter, while a table containing food is placed at each end of it. Towards a dozen, mostly ladies, are now employed in the restaurant, alone and later in the season when travel is at its height the services of more will undoubtedly be required. Everything is very attractive even to the bouquets upon the counter, the bill of fare is good, there are marble wash bowls with silver faucets in one corner and everything else usually found in a first-class restaurant. Communication is had with the former restaurant through a door in the wall. The partition of at the foot of the grand staircase leading to the hotel above, have been torn out and everything is being done to make the waiting rooms as large as possible, on account of the large crowds that have formerly been obliged to stand upon the platform. The ticket office now located in the south-east corner of the former ladies room is soon to be in the north-east corner of the former gentleman's room where easy communications will be had with the new waiting rooms, the restaurant and the platform through windows. The new express room in the north end of the restaurant will soon be completed.

PLYMOUTH PARAGRAPHS.

E. B. Hodge's sky-light has been repaired.

John C. Cashman was lately in Quebec and spent four days there.

The lightning on the 4th, burned the telephone wires quite badly.

George Bowles is now at the Pemigewasset House as night clerk.

For sale. Two second hand buggies; would exchange for a good cow. H. J. KENT.

Miss Mary Kingman is away on a vacation, and Miss Nellie Wheelock is taking her place.

Mrs. C. A. Squares of Woodsville has lately been visiting at Mrs. J.W. Butler's on south Main street.

W. C. Topping of the JOURNAL office has been to his home, in Centre Tuftonboro, on a vacation this week.

Miss Jennie Wilkinson, from Laconia, formerly of this place, was in town this week on her way to visit friends near St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Miss Martha M. Wormwood has gone to the Weirs to work in the Winnecoette House. For the past three years she has been at work in the families of Hon. J. A. Dodge and W. R. Park, Jr.

Account of 4th of July funds. Whole amount of money received, $144.23. Money paid out: For fire-works, $76.52; printing, $1.88; band, $49.00; powder, $14.00; prizes, $0.75; freight, $1.00. Total. $152.15. Debts less cash, $7.92. M. A. FERRIN, Treasurer.

A large number of school teachers and others interested in education have crowded the trains both ways this week going to and returning from the annual meeting of the American Institute of Instruction at Fabyans.

O. N. Flanders, Esq., the energetic and efficient manager of the Concord Saturday Blade, the well known legislative reporter of the Nashua Telegraph, and formerly a part owner of the Journal of Plymouth, was here recently.

W. C. Topping of this office while sitting in the room on the afternoon of the 4th, saw a vivid flash of lightning, on the telephone wires inside, accompanied by a loud report, that gave him a shock from which he was some minutes in recovering.

Lowest Prices and *Sharp buying*, enables C. M. Boynton, Dry Goods store, Concord, N. H., to stand all competition brought to bear against his low prices. He is now selling his large stock at greatly reduced prices to make room for early fall purchases, he not only advertises to do so but is actually doing it. His store is nearest depot and his stock the largest in amount; he kindly asks all to visit him while this mark down sale is going on at the head of Depot street, sign of big Hand.

The first number of the Weirs Times and Tourists' Gazette has lately arrived at our office. It is four page, twenty four column paper and contains many items of interest to tourists, and the public generally. It is bright and breezy like the mountain and lake region atmosphere. Published every Wednesday and Saturday, during the summer season. Terms for the season, 50 cents. Lewis Vaughan & Co., Mathew H. Calvert, publishers., Weirs, N. H.

The Plymouth Band is now fairly organized and as all the members are deeply interested it bids fair to become a band of which Plymouth will be proud. But of course, like all other enterprises it must be encouraged and helped in order to succeed. The greatest difficulty is lack of funds. They have raised a small sum among themselves but need more money with which to purchase music, and would be greatly pleased with contributions for this purpose from any one. We hope the call for money will be generously responded to and at once, that the band may have the music to practise on.

The following officers of the I. O. O. F. were installed in their hall by D. D. G. M., J. U. Farnham: N. G., W. H. Raymond; V. G., John C. Chase; Sec., Al Willoughby; Treas., G. W. Little; Warden, Chas. W. George; Con., B. Frank Smith; R. S. N. G., C. A. Jewell; L. S. N. G., B. M. Mitchell; Chap., Wm. Thornton; R. S. V. G., James Currier; L. S. V. G., R. W. Mitchell; I. G., Henry M. Smith; O. G., John M. Merrill; R. S. S., Henry W. Piper; L. S. S., Charles J. Gould. Grand Master Odlin, of Exeter, was present and made a speech. Lemonade was served by Rodney E. Smythe, after the business affairs of the evening were settled.

Rev. John C. Rollins has been ordained and installed as pastor of the First Congregational church of Hooksett. The council for the purpose of examining the candidate, was composed of the pastor and one delegate from Concord, North church, Pembroke, Pittsfield, West Concord, Boscawen, Dunbarton and Chichester. Rev. G. F. Hill of Pittsfield was chosen Moderator and Rev. T. C. H. Bouton of Dunbarton, Scribe. The Council reported unanimously in favor of the candidate. In the words of a member of the Council: "The examination was more than satisfactory." At 2:30 o'clock p. m. the services of ordination and installation took place, as follows: Preliminary statement, by the Moderator; reading of the result of the council, by the Scribe: anthem, "How Holy is this Place," by the choir; invocation, by Rev. H. W. L. Thurston, of Chichester; reading from the Bible, by Rev. C. B. Strong of West Concord; hymn, by Rev. N. D. Curtis of Suncook; sermon, by Rev. Dr. C. W. Wallace of Manchester, which was from Matt. 27th, chapter, 22nd verse; chant, "The Lord is my Shepherd," by the choir; Ordaining and installing prayer, by Rev. G. E. Gill, of Pittsfield; charge to the pastor, by Rev. Frank Haley of Boscawen; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. C. C. Sampson, of Pembroke; hymn, by Rev. C. B. Strong, of West Concord; benediction, by Rev. J. C. Rollins.

jesalt

R. B. Carter has lately been ill of heart disease.

The depot platform has been extended south, this week.

The gate over the Bridge street railroad crossing, lately broke down.

The celebrated Spanish students lately passed south through here.

Montreal Day Express up does not stop at Haverhill as formerly.

John and Charles Coffin formerly of this place, are at home on a vacation.

L. M. Howe has recently been making some repairs in the second story of his house.

A cake and ice-cream supper was served in the Methodist vestry, Wednesday evening.

Burt Rowe of Laconia is one of the new clerks in the store of Webster, Russell & Co.

The night train up is due here, 12.43 instead or 12.22. Night Express down due at 3 39.

Manager Wheeler of the Pemigewasset House, visited the Flume this week for the first time.

There are certain parties in town who send to Manchester to get liquor for private consumption.

The new P. O. boxes have not been put in place because part of the fixtures have not yet arrived.

Miss Lela Elliott was recently badly scalded on one thigh by accidentally spilling some hot water.

G. W. Little's cat Daisy lately brought home eight large rats from Webster, Russell & Co's. store one day.

J. U. Farnum, D. D. G. M. was in Meredith, recently, at the installation of the officers of Belknap Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Dr. Burns wears a Roman coin made in the reign of Antoninus Cæsar, as a charm on his watch chain. It is a very valuable curiosity.

George Batchelder, clerk for B. F. St. Clair & Co., lately fell with a glass goblet in his hand, breaking it and cutting the back of his hand badly.

Some painting is being done in the south side of Mrs. J. C. Wilkinson's house on south Main street, preparatory to the removal of Dr. Palmer thereto.

E. H. Corson of East Rochester was recently here on an American Star bicycle, which has the small wheel in front, the reverse of most machines, and other improvements.

The Pemigewasset regular passenger trains consisting of a combination and a passenger car are now running regularly. The locomotive Plymouth is used to draw them.

There was a pleasant gathering at the residence of Mrs. J. Quincy, Sr., on Tuesday night, at which dancing was a prominent feature. A good number were present from here.

N. H. Weeks cuts annually about 15 tons of hay for the first crop and five for the second from the 5 acres between his house and upper Main street. He uses Bowker's fertilizer somew hat.

Dr. Burns will hereafter be found at his residence, which he has leased of M. S. Brown, between the Methodist parsonage and the Highland street blacksmith shop. His office will be at the same place.

T. E. Bayley and M. A. Ferrin have been appointed Board of Health officers and they have stuck up around town about fifty printed notices, taken from the State Laws, in regard to the removal of nuisances from buildings, etc.

The White Mts. Express was late Tuesday on account of a hot box on the engine. The train had two carloads of "School-marms" from Boston and from Providence en route for the Institute at Fabyans.

The Laconia Car Company have a contract with the Eastman Freight Car Heating Company for a large number of cars to be used in the potato and tropical fruit trade. The E. R. R. will run the most of them to the Provinces to be used for potato transportation.

It is said that there are about 150,000 acres of untouched forest on the line of the P. V. R. R. Various papers lament that there is talk of cutting all this off as it will diminish the size of the streams and in many other respects be an injury to the surrounding country, although it will aid the lumber market elsewhere.

A novelty in the line of car wheels is running under the Parlor car, Mt. Washington. They are made of wood and are cheaper than paper. They were made to order in the annual fire of the Laconia Car Company where they are used with good success. Teak wood is the kind of wood used in their construction.

The Pemigewasset House orchestra entered upon its season's work early this week. It consists of George E. Nye of Boston, violin and prompter; C. H. Colby, Meredith, cornet; Mrs. Kate McQuesten White, Plymouth, piano. This combination, although not large in numbers is strong in skill and popularity, as is well known by their previous record.

A Raymond excursion party came up to the Weirs Tuesday from Boston, went on the lake and then to Plymouth the same night, stopping at the Pemigewasset House, Wednesday it went up the Pemigewasset Valley as far as Blair's, visited the Hatching House, etc. There were about 75 and towards a dozen teams, two of which were furnished by J. C. Blair, and the remainder by the Pemigewasset stable.

A Band meeting was held Friday evening of last week, and two new members were received, Fred Rowe and Farley S. Avery. The hall over A. G. Smythe's store was hired for the use of the Band, and A. G. Smythe chosen instructor. On Monday evening another meeting was held and a committee chosen to solicit money for the purpose of buying music. The committee consists of E. M. Griffin and E. F. Neal. Next meeting appointed for Tuesday evening.

Hon. Henry C. Bowen, editor of the well known N. Y. Independent had his annual Fourth of July celebration at his country residence in Woodstock, Conn., this year, and Hon. H. W. Blair delivered the principal address, it being an elaborate and eloquent explanation of his proposed national constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture of liquors for use as a beverage after 1900. It fills several columns of an ordinary newspaper, set in fine type, contains about 10,000 words, and its delivery occupied considerably over an hour. As a result of this, our honored townsman is regarded by many as having obtained a fine send off on the presidential, cabinet, or foreign ministry race course as it has brought him very prominently before the public.

Rare Coins.

But few people know the value of coins. Merchants, news-boys, and, in fact, every one who handles money, often takes in and passes out in change rare coins, the value of which they are not aware. The need of a perfect list of such pieces has long been felt. To supply that want, Mr. John M. Hubbard of Laconia, N. H. has issued a complete catalogue of his buying prices of all American coins worth over face value. It is a neat little book and should be in the hands of every business man. Price, only ten cents. We quote a few of the prices offered; 1804 dollar, $500; 1858 do., $20; 1870, '80, '81 or '82 trade dollar, $1.40 each; cents of 1794, $1.50; 1796, $5; 1804, $1.50; two cent and silver three cent pieces of 1873, .75 each; 20 cent pieces of 1877, $2.25 each, etc.

Mr. Hubbard deals extensively in stamps and coins, buying and selling whole collections. He also publishes the *Granite State Philatelist*, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of stamp, coin and curiosity collectors, for which all interested in any of these hobbies should subscribe. It contains an illustrated list of new issues, interesting articles on the several branches of curiosity collecting, besides giving a list of all dishonest dealers and collectors each month. Send your address on a postal for a sample copy; read it; then send twenty-five cents for a years subscription. He has also just received a lot of the California gold quarters and halves, so much wore by ladies on rings as "bangles," which he is selling at 30 cents each for quarters and 55 cents for halves, postage free.

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F. C. Blodgett is ticket agent at Weirs.

Miss Etta Sawyer is quite sick with measles.

Willie and Johnnie Lewis have the measles.

J. A. Dodge, Esq., has been seriously ill this week.

Mr. Philander Woods has been shingling his house.

F. A. Bailey of New York City was in town recently.

Rev. C. W. Griffin of Alexandria was in town this week.

The roof of Burleigh & Adam's law office has been patched up a little.

A large quantity of hay has been put under cover during the past few days.

Miss Carrie Mudgett intends going to Tilton to school the middle of August.

Miss Edith Kimball is spending a few days with her grandfather in Holderness.

In order to get the new restaurant finished some Sunday work was done upon it.

C. J. Gould has lately put eaves spouts on his house and repaired the sewer near there.

W. A. Russell proposes to start for the Pacific coast the twenty-fifth of this month.

There is to be a lawn party at Mrs. R. E. Smythe's next Tuesday evening. All are invited.

Mrs. Goodwin of Lake Village has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hayward of this place.

The front to Jason Clark's new house is nearly completed and the ell is now being built.

A very fine, long swing has been attached to the large elm near the Pemigewasset ice house.

A guide board on the corner of Bridge and Main street has lately fallen down, and been replaced.

Leonard Colburn has lately become Bible agent for this vicinity as assistant of Deacon W. G. Brown of Campton, the State agent.

A large flock of doves have been picking up the crumbs this week on the common and vicinity, left over from the Fourth of July.

H. S. Chase was elected as one of the Vice Presidents of the N. H. Spiritualist Association, at their recent convention in Concord, N. H.

R. W. Musgrove of the Bristol Enterprise passed through here, this week with a number of friends to the East branch or vicinity on a fishing excursion.

Penniman Relief Corps, No. 9, will pay Mrs. Wheeler for her work at Mr. Chapman's and not the town as has been reported. RELIEF COMMITTEE.

Miss Belle B. Leighton has lately become agent for Ankaroo's Steam Dye House, Manchester, N. H. All goods sent there will be dyed in a fine manner at low prices.

Curtis & Spiller's red grocery wagon from Manchester passed up through here on its way to the mountains recently loaded with camping requisites and accompanied by several young men.

H. F. Wyatt is having a fine run of custom this warm weather in his drug store under the Town Hall, which shows that people appreciate his soda fountain and will go there when they want a good, cool drink.

A team belonging to strangers that had been previously put up at the Pemigewasset stable was overturned on lower Main street the other night about 11 o'clock, but no damages were done to anybody or anything.

Dr. Samborn lately left his team standing in front of Little's Hotel, when a rat was discovered walking about over the shafts and cross bars. The intelligent dog, Dandy, was called up and soon despatched the rodent.

One afternoon this week a locomotive passing through here, threw up a large smoke ring to an unusual height, far above the Pemigewasset House cupola, where it remained for sometime before breaking, much longer than usual.

An excursion party from Laconia passed through here this week to the mountains, in a large covered team, drawn by four horses. There were about a dozen in the party, which was composed of both ladies and gentlemen who were dressed in mountain suits.

Harper's Weekly for July 14th, has a full page illustration of the fall of the Bowlder in the Flume, drawn by W. H. Gibson, showing the bowlder as just falling into the torrent which comes rushing down between the lofty, narrow walls, bearing with it the trunks of trees and debris from above. The seams in the rocky walls, etc., look very natural.

The Sunday Herald reaches here the middle of Sunday afternoon, having brought from Concord by team, where it arrives by rail. Price five cents, for sale by Belle B. Leighton. Last Sunday was the first time that such was the case. Changes of horses are made at Tilton, Laconia and Weirs. The team came from Weirs last Sunday in a little less than two hours.

The path through the common was temporarily obstructed on Thursday afternoon by large gates secured by ropes to the stone posts. The common has been used by the public for a great many years and as most people are aware, after 20 years of public use such land becomes the property of the town, therefore this was done to keep the common in the hands of its present owners, Webster, Russell & Co.

There is to be a new fish way built at Amoskeag Falls, Manchester, in order that the salmon can get by easier on their way here and above. One weighing about twelve pounds was found dead there recently, being caught among the rocks; and some boys killed one, by clubbing it, that weighed about twenty pounds and was forty inches long. It is thought they did not know the kind of fish as it was so large. Several large salmon have been caught and put in the hatching house pond, at Livermore Falls.

A man giving his name as Jerry Quillan of Manchester and driving a pair of matched circus color horses was here Wednesday recklessly drunk. He drove upon the depot platform near the restaurant early in the afternoon, where teams never go and nearly ran into a locomotive standing there. The regular trains were gone, so there was not much of a crowd to be endangered. The workmen and others helped him away and he drove, with loose reins, desperately, up Main street, but two of our police soon got into the wagon with him, faced about and drove him to the lobby below the freight depot. He was brought before Justice Raymond soon after and fined $10. and costs $5.00 more were assessed against him, which he paid and soon left town.

There has been considerable excitement in our village for the past two weeks over the cases of malignant scarlet fever in the family of Mr. Chapman, living on Merrill street; near the Park. Two of the children died and were buried very soon after death, the youngest one in about three hours. No funeral services were held, but will be as soon as it can be made possible. The family were all sick at once and therefore they hadn't as good care as was needed or perhaps none of the cases would have proved fatal. Many people feared contagion and would not go there. The disease was probably in part due to the location of the house, the cellar being very wet as it is where it was formerly a small swamp. Health officers were appointed immediately and people kept from passing to and from th house more than was necessary and the roadway was structed of with rope the Fourth. All possible means have been used to prevent the spread of the disease, and now the other members of the family are recovering, the house has been fumigated and properly cleansed and it is thought all danger is past as no new cases have been heard of

A span is 10 5-8 inches.

Parsen's Purgative Pills are a priceless boon to the people of the South and South-west. They effect ually prevent fever and ague and all such malarious diseases, and cost only 25 cents a box.

jesalt

ASHLAND ALLEGATIONS.

J. F. Smith of Jackson has been visiting here.

G. H. Harris has moved into the Jewett house.

The Squam Lake mills were shut down last week.

Charles Allen and wife were in Meredith last week.

Delos S. Hucklins was in town recently.

Postmaster Clapp had green peas eight weeks from planting.

T. N. Hughes has a piece of corn which is two and one-half feet high.

S. C. Baker was in Concord last week, attending the N. H. Temperance Union. He was elected as one of the vice presidents.

Robert Gove from Cambridge, Mass., was in town visiting not long ago.

The 27th of next September the 18th annual reunion of the 12th N. H. will be held here.

The Earnest Workers met with J. F. Keyes last Thursday evening.

The Busy Bees met with Mrs. C. H. Heath last Thursday.

Mrs. A. C. Hersey of Tilton was in town last week.

Andrew K. Baker is very ill at his home in Lowell, Mass. He is a brother of S. C. and J. A. Baker and Mrs. George B. Gordon of this town.

Miss Emma Hart has returned to Maine. She has been boarding with S. C. Baker.

Miss Flora Davis, who has been visiting her sister here, has returned to her home, in Vermont.

Mr. Frank Woodman and family were visiting with his brother last week.

D. B. Mitchell has nearly finished his new establishment.

There is to be a new dam built between the mill of A. Scribner and N.P. Batcheider.

Mrs. B. B. Worthen and daughter have removedto Stoneham, Mass.

The Golden Rule Association held their picnic, the Fourth, at Squam Lake, and had a very good time. The lunch table used was an old-fashioned round-topped one which has been in daily use for fifty-three years. It is owned by G. L. Shepard.

James S. Wilson arrived at H.S. Dearborns' recently. He was formerly clerk for Wilder & Co., where he had one of his knees injured. For sometime he was expected to have the limb amputated, but the surgeons think he will save it, though he is still very lame.

St. Mark's S. S. picnic was held in the Town Hall as the rain would have made an out door picnic rather unpleasant.

Mr. Wm. Bateman has a pig that is ahead of Paul Perkins'; it is three months old and weighs 108 pounds.

The Ashland Base Ball club, "Our Boys," went to Woodsville to play with the Bath Base Ball club, the Fourth. "Our Boys" won with the score as follows: Our Boys, 0 0 0 0 7 3 2 1 8—13. Baths, 4 0 1 3 0 3 0 0 0—11.

The Roll of Honor for the Grammar department of the village school, which we omitted last week, taught by Miss Lizzie F. Clement is as follows: Lula M. Heath, Alice M. Greenleaf, Harry S. Huckius, George E. Lewis, Alice E. Morrison, Bertha C. Morse, Charles Rogers, Nettie M. Sanborn, Edith G. Sanborn, Johnnie E. Smith, Georgianna Lupine.

As a general thing the "4th" was very quiet here. Many people went to Plymouth and places below here to celebrate. The use of powder in the usual noisy demonstrations was much less than former years. Several children, bound to celebrate, arrayed themselves in grotesque fashion and paraded the street with flags and so forth, creating considerable merriment and affording some variety. In the evening we were treated to a few Roman candles, rockets and fire-crackers. The Ashland Band spent the day in Plymouth and the members say they enjoyed the time very much. The band gave an open air concert in the evening and received many compliments upon the fine way in which the music was rendered.

The Waddington family advertised to give an entertainment at the Town Hall, Friday night, June 6th. Not getting any audience to listen, they closed doors early.

Mr. John Carr had the misfortune to be kicked by a horse the other day and is somewhat lame from the effects of it.

The Ladies' Relief Corps, Mrs. Emma B. Hull, president, have in contemplation a stirring drama to be placed on the stage at an early day. The cast of characters is nearly full. The best talent in town is called to their aid and we expect a great dramatic treat when the play is given,

The G. A. R. lawn party is progressing finely and will take place as soon as the grass is cut on the grounds. It looks as if they were to have a big time.

The building of Mr. M. C. Blake is progressing finely.

G. A. R. lawn party, Saturday, July 14th, in the grounds of the F. W. B. church. A general good time is expected. The boys hope to see a large gathering.

Messrs. James Brogan, S. S. L. Morrison and George Ellis went fishing "for something" Saturday night, July 7th. Result as migbt be expected. And they are all Grand Army boys! We have heard of little children having the "pouts" but it looks funny to see three great men have them.

The factory started up again Monday, July 9th, to the great gratification of its many hands.

We understand that the proprietors of the skating rink have adjourned, it being too warm to exercise much.

Splendid hay weather and the farmers are making the most of it. "Make hay while the sun shines."

The Boston *Sunday Herald* reached us Sunday afternoon, July 8th, and a large number were sold. No doubt the enterprise of having them every Sunday during the summer will be permanent. They are for sale at D. C. Merrill's.

Mrs. Mary M. Hughes, wife of Mr. Frank Hughes, returned from a trip with others to the mountains, greatly invigorated, and represents that there is nothing like the clear, bracing mountain air to recuperate lost energies.

Rev. J. L. DeMott and daughter have arrived at the residence of Mrs. L. B. Hull, who is a sister of his. Mr. DeMott not long since returned from a three years' trip around the world, including a special one to the Holy Land, and his descriptions of the countries traveled through are very interesting. He comes to this part of the country each year for a brief respite from his labors.

Rev. Mr. Bliss, Professor in Vermont University at Burlington, Vt., will preach at St. Mark's next Sunday morning.

Rev. G. G. Jones has been to Boston this week on business.

Rev. J. LeRoy made a short stop in town Tuesday. A longer visit is promised from himself and wife later in the season.

Mrs. Boone, of Winchester, Mass., who has been stopping for a few weeks at the Squam Lake House, leaves for home next week. She and her sprightly little boy have many friends here who will be sorry to have them go.

CAMPTON.

Haying has begun in earnest, and the farmers pro,hesy rather more than the usual amount of hay.

Washington Quimby has lost his well known hound, "Towser" after a few days sickness. He was a dog of unusual sagacity and for a hunter "could not be beat."

William Berry is on the sick list, being confined to his bed with an attack of rheumatism.

One of our hay makers recently killed a splik adder which measured 43 inches in length.

Miss Ella French of Rumney has been visiting friends in West Campton.

Rev. Charles Nelson occupied the pulpit at the West Campton church last Sunday.

Herbert Avery, a boy of twelve, while mowing in the field, cut a severe gash on his toe with his scythe.

The school in district No. 4, closed last Friday, after a term of eight weeks taught by Mrs. M. F. Avery.

Daniel McCormick is at work for Mark Spokesfield.

Willie Richardson is at work for Frank Avery.

Mrs. C. S. Woodman of Ashland, is in town, visiting at her grandmother's.

Mrs. Calvin Sweat of Ashland and Mrs. Joseph Doe of Rumney, are visiting their sister Miss Lavina Cook, at West Campton. ANICUS.

The village school closed its term of seven weeks, July third. It was under the direction of Mr. Fred A. Wells of Plymouth and was highly satisfactory save in one particular, too short. Mr. Wells has the faculty of adapting himself to primary teaching. The following names are found on the Roll of Honor: Mattie A. Blaisdell, Laura E. Foss, Ida A. Fisk, Bertha M. Smart, Lilla M. Thurston, Abbie A. Wallace, Nettie E. Webster, Julia M. Webster, Alice G. Whitney, Jason Webster and George W. Webster. O. W. K.

Boston parties have recently consulted with J. W. Morrison and O. F. James in regard to the running of timber down Mad river, which will be freighted to market over the railroad or run down the Pemigewasset, as thought best.

A faint attempt at serenading newly married couples has been made in our quiet village.

Our boarding houses are rapidly being filled with boarders. The prospect never was better.

J. W. Morrison's matched pair of dapple gray horses were seen upon our streets one day last week. A team hard to beat in Grafton County.

RIENZIE.

WEST RUMNEY.

The 4th passed off with a damper, which came from over head. We had plenty to eat and sold a good portion of the aprons, but the rain spoiled the pleasure, for we had to stay under the shelter until about 2 p. m. when the exercises began. Proceeds, about $20.

Mr. Atkinson of Laconia preached for us in place of Mr. Usher last Sabbath, he being sick, though he has written that he and his wife will come during this week to board with Mrs. R. B. Merrill, and he will preach for us the rest of the season.

Mr. David Elliott will return to Haverhill, Mass., this week. He has made a long visit with his sister whom he had not seen for 20 years.

Parties Wantiug anything Invented to meet a particular want, Address, Inventors Agency, Plymouth, N. H.

jesamar15

We were recently pleased to receive a copy of the first number of the Berkshire Gazette, a sharp, independent and pleasing paper published in Pittsfield, Mass. It is an eight page, 48 column paper, is of a literary character and contains many interesting pieces, both long and short. There are numerous departments and many locals. The advertisements are set in an attractive style, the paper is good and the type small but clear. Terms:—$1.50 per year. Whitman and Mills, Editors and Proprietors.

A fathom is six feet.

One hundred copies of any writing and even more can be produced on one of the celebrated Elastic Printing Pads, from one original. Six recipes for both pad and inks. Only $1.00. Materials cheap and can be bought anywhere. Both are simple and easily made by any one. Multiple Copy Company, Box 249, Plymouth, N. H.

jesatfmar15

Timothy seed, 55 pounds per bushel.

We have received a copy of the Hamptonia, Vol. 1, No. 2, which we find very interesting. It is published quarterly by the New Hampton Literary Societies. We find therein a sketch of Hon. Dana Woodman, historical sketch of the Literary Adelphi, biographical sketch of Edmund Randolph Peaslee, M. D., L. L. D., in Memoriam of Mr. Howard S. Weston, a story, "Hemmed In," pleasing editorials, chapters devoted to the Germans and the Social Fraternity, correspondence, locals, exchanges, locals and sketches from other schools, contributions from the Alumni, poems etc. The subscription price is 75 cents per year in advance; single co pies, 20 cents.

BORN.

In West Rumney, July 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cutting, a son.

MARRIED.

In Rumney, July 7, by Rev. J. H. Trow, James M. Caldon, and Minnie Casavant, both of Rumney.

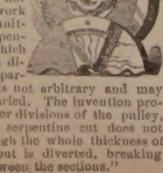
DIED.

In Bloomfield, Vt., June 13, William Burbank, Esq., aged 69 years. He was a native of Mad River, Thornton, N. H.

SPLIT PULLEY.

Mr. G. B. Sanborn of Bristol has invented and patented a split pulley. We clip the following in regard to it from the *Scientific American*:—

"This split pulley is formed mainly of wood, and is made in separate sections or halves to provide for putting it on or taking it off laterally. This pulley is divided into sections in a serpentine or irregular course. Thus constructed, the pulley sections will come together with a perfect fit after each separation of them, and will not wear or work loose when united. The serpentine cut by which the pulley is divided into separate sections is not arbitrary and may be greatly varied. The invention provides for other divisions of the pulley, whereby the serpentine cut does not extend through the whole thickness of the pulley, but is diverted, breaking the joint between the sections."



Dizziness, Liver and Kidney Complaint.

CINCINNATI, O.

H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir: I have received great benefit from the use of the Vegetine, and can safely recommend it for *Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the Head*, and a general blood purifier. It has also been used by other members of my family for *Liver and Kidney Complaints*. MRS. A. O. GLEICH,

389 Barmiller St.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

BOSTON, MASS.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I have been using Vegetine for some time with the greatest satisfaction, and can highly recommend it as a great cleanser and purifier of the blood. J. L. HANNAFORD,

Pastor of Eglesion Square M. E. Church.

A MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

I testify to the beneficial effects of VEGETINE, as used in my family for the past six years. We consider it invaluable as a blood medicine for both children and adults, and endeavor to always keep a supply on hand.

YOUNG, &c. O. A. JACKSON,

Business Manager South Boston Inquirer

Vegetine

IS THE BEST

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Notwithstanding the dull season which always follows immediately upon he holidays' Coburns bookstore in Museum building, Manchester, is doing a thriving trade, owing to the large and the eputation for low prices enjoyed by this store. jesafeb8

House For Sale.

Situated on Merrill Street, near the entrance to Langdon Park. Contains six rooms. About 2-3 acre of land. For sale cheap. Only $750. WILLIAM IRVING, Plymouth, N. H.

jesatfjuly11

THE COLD WATER DIP!

Is Not Poisonous or Corrosive.

Is superior to and stronger than any other Dip ever sold in this country. Quite safe to use Cold.

One gallon is sufficient for 125 gallons of Cold water.

Is warm and protecting to the skin, water proofing it against wet weather, and perfectly safe to use at any time of the year.

Increases quantity and improves quality of the wool, making it bright and silky and the skin clean.

IS A SURE CURE AND REMEDY AS FOLLOWS:

SHEEP—Scab, Ticks, Lice, Fly and Maggot, Foot-rot, Grub in the Head and Worms in the Throat of Lambs, Tape Worms.

HORSES—Mange, Lice, Thrush, Grease, Cracked Heels, Saddle and other Galls, Boils, Lung Diseases.

CATTLE—Lice, Foot and Mouth Disease, Hoof-rot, Screw-worm. Prevents Abortion.

DOGS—Mange and Fleas; it makes the coat glossy.

HOGS—Mange, Lice and Cholera.

INTERNALLY for worms in all animals; ulcers and wounds of all kinds.

POULTRY—Fleas and Lice, Mites on the perches, and purifies the houses.

HORTICULTURE—Aphis, Blight, Scale on orange trees, Bark Lice, Rust in Carrots, Ants and all insect pests.

Is so extremely valuable in many ways on a Farm and in the Household, that no Farmer or Breeder of live stock should ever be without it. Preserve this advertisement, as all the various uses of the Dip will not be repeated in detail. Send stamps for prices to

T. W. LAWFORD, Gen'l Agent,

296 E. Chase St., BALTIMORE, MD.

[Mention this paper.] jesatfjuly13

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

CELESTIAL SYMBOL.

INTERPRETED. By Rev. H. W. Morris, D. D. The grandest object of creation is the SUN. Centre of Life, Light, Heat, Attraction and Chemical Action. Its natural wonders and spiritual teachings are alike marvelous, and make a book of absorbing and intense interest. The great problems of the Material Universe unfolded and illustrated. Nature shown to be a revelation of God in the noblest and most perfect sense. Highly commended. "Every fact of nature is made to repeat some lesson of His people."—N. Y. Evangelist. "Both scientific and devout."—Rev. A. C. George, D. D., Chicago. "A startling revelation concerning the wonders and glories of the sun."—Elder W. McGarvey, Lexington, Ky. "Interesting, instructive and very suggestive."—Bishop Jaggar of Ohio. It sells fast and pleases all. Address J. C. MCCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.; Cincinnati, O.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

jesmay19a

WANTED all the watches in Ashland and vicinity to be brought to

L. B. HULL'S, ASHLAND, N. H.

THE NEW WATCH MAKER.

Ten years Experience in the Waltham Manufactory. All work warranted. aug25tf

POLLARD, HARDY & SMYTHE,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Carpets,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready-made Clothing, Groceries of Every Description, Crockery, Glass and Hard Ware, Paper Hangings of all kinds, Farming Implements, Furniture, Hair, Lime and Cement, Super Phosphate, &c., &c.

ASHLAND, N. H. ma26a

WILLARD E. MORSE,

JEWELER.

Watch and Clock Cleaning a Specialty.

Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Plated Ware, Etc. Watches Cleaned for from 75 cts. to $1. Clocks from 50 to 75 cents.

All Work Warranted.

At Pease & Batchelder's Store. Main Street

aapr18tm] ASHLAND, N. H.

Dr. M. C. Spaulding,

(Successor to Dr. A. R. Garey.)

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

☞Office at Mrs. S. Calley's, Main Street, Ashland, N. H.

afebtf

Squam Lake House,

J. M. COTTON, PROPRIETOR.

Good Livery connected with the House. Free Carriages to and from every train.

ASHLAND, N. H. ma26a

Mrs. N. E. K. ROWE,

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKER,

Woodman's Block, Main St.,

ASHLAND, . . N. H.

Hughes & Huckins,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Flour, Meal, Hair, Lime, Cement, Paints, Oils, Agricultural Implements, etc. Also, dealers in Read's & Stockbridge's Standard, and Coe's Phosphates.

Ashland, N. H. ma26a

ELISHA HODGE

Manufacturer of

BOOTS & SHOES.

All kinds of Repairing done promptly and in a workmanlike manner. ma26a

Mother Noble's HEALING SYRUP.

TRADE MARK.

A certain cure for Dyspepsia, all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Skin, Blood and Bowels.

Can produce thousands of letters proving its curative qualities

An old and long-tried remedy.

Applicants for Agencies address P.O. Box 2301, New York City.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FORT ANN, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1880.

Dear Sir:—

I purchased some of Mother Noble's Healing Syrup, and after a short trial, I am convinced that it is the best medicine I ever used in my family. JOHN CONELY.

jlyjan24

CLOTHING!

Never before in the history of our business career, have we carried SO LARGE A VARIETY, SO GREAT A STOCK, NOR OFFERED SUCH STUPENDOUS BARGAINS as we are prepared to give our friends, and to there who contemplate the purchase of CLOTHIN now. Our stock of

Mens's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's Clothing

This season has been selected with great care from the very best the New York and Boston Markets afforded. And we can assure the public and esy with confidence that we can show the

Nobbiest Styles and the Best Made Goods

of any clothing house in the city. This may sound SOMEWHAT LOUD, BUT WE MEAN BUSINESS. No shoddy or trash shown or kept at any price.

We have not space to enumerate prices, but will quote a few of our special bargains,

1 lot of Men's All-Wool Indigo Blue, Warranted, Suits,.....$8.00
This suit is sold at other stores for $10 and $12 per suit.
We will guarantee that this is as represented.

1 lot of Men's Mixed Cassimere Suits,.....$5.00
This is a rare bargain and is worth $8 per suit.

1 lot of Men's Fancy Worsted Suits,.....$8.00
This suit is sold in this city at $12 per suit to-day.

1 lot of Suits for Boys, aged from 12 to 17, each,.....$6.50
This is the prettiest suit in the market for any where near the price.

1 lot of Children's Suits, aged 3 to 11,.....$1.25
This is a very natty little blue blouse suit, of which we have sole control.
Same quality as sold at other stores for $2.50. This is your only chance to clothe your boy for $1.25.

☞Other bargains too numerous to mention in our Clothing, Hat, Cap and Gents' Furnishing Goods Departments.

TO OUR PATRONS.

In the method we have adopted this season of selling good goods at low prices,

NEWS OF THE DAY

GENERAL ITEMS.

—A newly arrived German was robbed and drowned in the Delaware River by Philadelphia thieves.

—The net funded debt of the City of New York is given at $95,290,173.10 in the Comptroller's quarterly financial report.

—An excavation for a sewer at Albany caved in, burying two men, one of whom was taken out dead.

—Seven houses were struck by lightning near Dover, N. H., on Wednesday, killing Martin Frost, of Frost Hill; I. N. Elliott and Oliver W. Knowlton, of Durham.

—General Crook has arrived in Washington for consultation about the Indians.

—A German named Hartzen and his grandson were drowned while attempting to cross a river in Anne Arundel county, Md.

—In Columbus county, N. C., four colored men and two colored women were drowned. They had attempted to cross a river on a hastily constructed raft.

—Jamison, the hunter, of Skipwith, Miss., placed the muzzle of his rifle to his side, and then compelled his seven-year-old son to pull the trigger.

—A Washington judge decided that bicycles have the same rights on the roads as other vehicles.

—The cadets of the Virginia Military Institute visited the City Hall and restored to the city of New York the flag of the 164th New York volunteers. Mayor Edson making the reception speech. The cadets called upon President Arthur at the Fifth avenue Hotel.

—A revolt in the State Prison at Salem, Oregon, resulted in the escape of eight convicts, the wounding of two and killing of three more.

—James L. Jones, democrat, has been elected to Congress from the first district of Alabama.

—A year-old child of John Darby was beheaded by the cars at Hoosic Falls, N. Y. The frantic mother saw fifty cars pass over the infant's body, and she carried the head away in one hand and the body in another to her home.

—Mr. Enoch Pratt has presented to the city of Baltimore a magnificent free library and $850,333.33 to be invested for its maintenance and support.

—Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt has added $100,000 to the endowment fund of Vanderbilt University in Tennessee.

—A very severe storm swept Onondaga county, Wisconsin, demolishing many buildings at Necedah, Fond du Lac, Belgium, Fredonia, Oakfield, Larrabee, Princeton, Fort Winnebago, Hartford, Ripon, New Cassel, Mayville, Brownsville, Kewaskum, and a dozen other places. A number of lives were lost.

—Damage by fire in a shoe factory at South Abington, Mass., is put at $165,000.

—The Dauphin County Almshouse, Harrisburg, Pa., was burned Monday. All the inmates were got out, two being slightly burned. Loss $200,000.

—The Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments of the city of New York submitted their annual list of taxable property to the Board of Aldermen. The total value of real and personal estate in the city and county, as assessed for 1883, amounts to $1,276,677,364.

—John Roach & Sons were the lowest bidders for the construction of the new naval cruisers, their bids being much below those of any other builder. They were as follows: For the construction of the Chicago, $980,000; Atlanta, $617,000; Boston, $679,000; Dolphin, $215,000.

—The State of Louisiana, not having sufficient money in her treasury to pay [illegible]

—The King of Saxony came very near being killed by the fall of an elevator weight while inspecting a factory at Milsk.

—Cases of cholera have broken out among the soldiers forming the sanitary cordon in Egypt.

—A fire at the town of Friedrichstadt, Russia, on the River Dana, has destroyed fifty buildings, including the Post Office.

—The Brake Spinning Mill at Moseley has been burned. Twenty-seven thousand spindles and a large stock of cotton were destroyed. The damage is £35,000.

—The Parnell Fund amounts to £17,065.

—While the steamer Daphne was being launched at Glasgow she fell over on her side, precipitating a number of people into the water. According to the dispatches there were over one hundred persons were drowned.

—Sir William Gull does not believe that the cholera will spread to Europe.

—Mr. Lowell, the United States Minister to Great Britain, gave a reception to Americans on the Fourth, at his residence in London, where there was a large attendance.

—At the inquest into the recent disaster at Victoria Hall, Sunderland, England, by which 183 children lost their lives, several children testified that they saw a man bolt the door as they descended the stairs, but they varied in their descriptions of the man.

—The iron trade of England, the London *Times* says, is more active because of the increased demand from the United States, owing to the new tariff. Numerous contracts are made in order to take advantage of the new scale of duties.

—A sad accident occurred during a temperance fete at the Botanical Gardens in Sheffield, England. There were thousands of school children on the grounds. A number of them climbed upon a dray, when the horse became frightened and caused a panic among the little ones, two of whom were killed and about twenty injured.

—The American Rifle team at practice in England made the following score:—Sergeant Pendleton, Sergeant Dolan and Sergeant Van Heusen, at 800 yards, made 25 each, the highest possible score; J. M. Pollard made 23, and Major Denman, F. Stuart and C. W. Hinman made 20 each.

What Fire is Destroying.

"Fire is a good servant but a bad master," says the proverb. There are few who have not seen it as master, and known what it is to helplessly look on and witness the vanishing into air of a home or lares and cenlemis that have cost say a round thousand dollars. Think of a hundred such fires, of two hundred of them, or enough to destroy a whole village of considerable size. Now imagine four hundred and fifty (450) such villages, or enough to place one every mile between New York on the Atlantic and Buffalo on Lake Erie, and all on fire and destroyed. Yet this would be no greater loss than what has, on the average, been occurring every year in the United States and Canada for eight years past, at least—or $720,000,000. Take good care of the matches, the careless use or storage of which has been the most fruitful cause of fires.

A Church Burned Every Four Days!—During the past eight years, 646 churches have burned down, or more than one every four week days in the whole period.

A Hotel Burned Daily!—During the same period, 2,872 hotels have burned, or nearly one for every day. Number increased!—*Agriculturist.*

He Was There.

A correspondent of one of the London newspapers, writing from Moscow of the coronation ceremonies, says: "I was not one of the favored correspondents admitted to the cathedral during the sacred ceremonies, but I stood outside in the magnificent assemblage of guards and courtiers. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the procession moved out of the cathedral to the sound of music and the waving of banners, I caught sight of the Czar as he came down the steps, and I thought I had never seen on his face before such an expression of sadness and weariness. He was carrying his crown in his hand, having replaced it with a neat ping bat which set off with good effect his gorgeous robes. As he passed by me there was a temporary halt in the procession. He turned and recognized me. His eye lighted in a moment. The shadows left his face. He winked in the drollest manner imaginable, and leaning over toward me said in most excellent English: 'I'm a hard man on a dusty road.' The procession of glittering sorrow moved on and I did not see Alex again for two days."

MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET.

The Wholesale New York market quotations show:

BEANS—Prime, $1.50@$1.60, fair to good, $1.40@$1.50 per bushel.

BUTTER—New York, sold at 22@26c. for choice in pails, and 19@21c. common to good. Western Creamery sold at 21@22½c., and the common Western at 19@20c.

CHEESE—Factory fancy, 10½@10¾c. do. fair to good, 9½@10c.

EGGS—Quotations ranged from 17c. for ordinary, to 18½c. for New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

FLOUR—Superfine, $3.40@$4.10; Western, $4.05@$4.25; extra New York, $4.30@$4.80; Ohio—Shipping, ——@——; choice, ——@——.

GRAIN—New York, ——@——; Eastern, 70@80c. bushel; ——@——.

PROVISIONS—Refined, 7½c.; crude, 6½@7c. in bulk, 7¾@8c. in packages; 7½@7¾c. for Anchovy order, and 11@12c. in cases.

PORK—Clear back, $19.50@$20.00; mess, $16.50@$17.00.

SUGAR—Spring No. 8, ——@$6.15; No. 7 yellow, No. 6, $5.87½@$6.00; amber, $5.75@$5.80; white, $6.12½@6.17½.

TOBACCO—Eastern Mixed, 4½@——c.; Ohio, Mixed, 5@6½c. in shrinkage, 6½@7½c. delivered; No. 1, 5@6½c. in shrinkage, ——@——c. delivered; White Burleaus, ——@——c.

RYE—State, 70@72c.

WOOL—Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia, XX, 42@43c.; X, 42@43c.; 1, 42@43c.; No. 2, 39@40c.; No. 3, 36@37c.; Michigan, New York and Western XX and X, 39@40c.; No. 1, 41@42c.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

FLOUR—Fine family, $3.30@$3.75; extra, $3.75@$4.00; Pennsylvania and Ohio family, $4.00@$4.50; extra, $4.50@$5.00; Minnesota, $4.50@$5.00; patent, $5.00@$5.50.

PROVISIONS—Refined, 7½c.; crude, 6½c.

WOOL—Ohio and Western X and A, 39@40c.; No. 1, 41@42c.

BOSTON MARKET.

FLOUR—Fine, $3.50@$3.90 for low to medium; $3.90@$4.10 for choice Minnesota; $4.10@$4.50 for choice, to fancy and patent.

BUTTER—Creamery, 26@28c.

CHEESE—10@12c.

EGGS—18@19c.

HAY—Choice, $20@$21.

CATTLE MARKETS.

BUFFALO — Cattle, good quality, $4.75@$5.25; heavy, fair to good, $4.25@$4.50; best, $5.00@$5.25.

EAST LIBERTY, PA.—Best cattle, $5.10@$5.25; medium to good, $5.00@$5.10; common to fair, $4.75@$4.90; fresh cows, $45@$65; Philadelphia, $4.60@$4.70; Sheep, $5.00@$5.25; hogs, $5.50@$5.60.

WASHINGTON, MASS.—Cattle, choice, 7@——c.; extra, $6.00@$6.75; first quality, $5.50@$6.00; second quality, $5.00@$5.50; third quality, $4.50@$5.00; fancy cows, $45@$60; common, $30@$40; veal calves, ——@——c.; sheep, $5.50@$6.00; extra, $5.75@$6.00; spring lambs, ——@——c. Veal calves, [illegible]

MORNING ON THE BOWERY.

THE VARIED SCENES IT PRESENTS.

A Reporter Studies Its Phenomena and Meets a Thoughtful Youth.

[From the New York Sun.]

After a restless night, followed by an early visit to a dentist, that acceptable of benevolence which succeeds the sacrifice of an aching double-tooth flooded the soul of a reporter as he watched the first awakening of the Bowery to the dawn of another day. Its myriad eyes blinked slowly open, one by one, as the shop boys took down the shutters, and its many greedy mouths yawned drowsily and then shut with a vicious snap as white-faced clocks opened and closed the eyes of the watchful signs of "Hot Whiskey" attested the unfailing vigor of the sun; a delicious trio of circular placards of "Hot Sweet Cider" jumped madly up and down in a show window, pulsing thirstily in unison with the feverish throbbings of a cider mill, and shameless photographers began to hang out their ghastly collections of mortal anatomical trophies.

A street scavenger, ragged and unclean, shuffled past like a belated nightmare, and a last evil vision of the night, a young girl, flaunted by. Soon the last all-night restaurant turned off the gas, swept out the shop, and dusted off the elderly pies in the window; the last light faded out of the flaring lanterns of the cheap lodging dens, and the "Single beds, 10 cents; double, 25 cents," began to disgorge their victims. Two "sandwich men," late partners in a "double," quarrelled on the curbstone over the old cent in the dark transaction, but their language, though classic, astounding, probably not actual breach of the Bowery peace.

The rush and jar of an elevated train, the deafening rattle of a fire engine at full speed, and the yells of milkmen plying their nefarious trade, and raging at the sight of Croton wasted on pavement and windows, swept like a restless tidal wave of noise through the street. Two antediluvian tramps, the one a scarred and battered chrome of the Hon. John Kelly and the other a expurgated edition of General Grant, reeled by, arm in arm.

The terrible complexion in the window of a dime museum, blushed anew at the morning sunlight and looked reproachfully at each other's mops of hair; a gang of Italian laborers, with picks and shovels swaying dangerously, straggled somewhat by on their way to work, and, as if with common malice, around every corner dashed shrill-voiced newsboys like Mother Carey's chickens, darting in and out of the disordered ranks and screaming to the dazed faces of the wretched congregation.

Seeing a crowd forming, the reporter hastened to where a lot of vicious idlers had gathered around a telegraph pole, against which leaned a girl scarce sixteen years old, intoxicated and helpless from opium or alcohol. As the rough voices and coarse jests penetrated her dulled ears, her maudlin smile changed to a look of shame and terror, and she covered her face with her hands. An effort to escape showed her unable to walk without aid, and when she clutched the nearest railway pillar for support. A wild cry escaped her lips. At that instant the delight of the spectators was rudely interrupted by a gray-haired, powerfully-framed workman, who flung them roughly aside and forced his way through the ring. As the girl turned from her persecutors she recognized the new comer.

"Oome, me lass, oome wi' fayther," and the rough voice was pitiful, the hand held gentle, as he raised her and led her away. There was no word of reproach wasted on her, and none of reproof to the scattered crowd as the father's arm closed round her, guiding the wandering purposeless steps more tenderly than if he had been a woman and she a little child.

As the reporter watched the strange pair, and thought of the goal of suicide toward which the feet of the girl were surely tending, he suddenly felt the near presence of a helping hand. As he turned quickly the callow youth behind him seemed to sink into a deep, yonceful trance; two fervid eyes, very close together, focussed alarmingly on the tip of a nose, which, like Earl Douglas's drawbridge, "just trembled on the rise." The mere fact that one head of this thoughtful young man had just been discovered astray in another man's pocket utterly failed to disturb his meditations, and as the reporter caught the stray hand firmly, and called the attention to the circumstance, the act seemed vaguely a violation of the sacred rite of hospitality.

Rudely aroused from the reverie, the stranger looked at his recovered hand with surprised recognition, as if it were a newly-born and wholly unjustifiable addition to his family circle, but exhibited no vulgar embarrassment. Taking in at a glance the stale details of the reporter's costume, he observed irrelevantly:

"Yer trowsers must 'ave been hoff the very pattern as me hold vuns hat 'ome. Hi was a vonderin' 'ow they vos a valkin' hout without me."

"But," persisted the reporter, "your hand was in my coat pocket, you remember."

"Vell, wot if it vas. I halways carries me 'ands hin me coat pockets—on. Hi knows me trowsers, hat. Hi never stopped to hinvestigate wether the coat vas be vating-fined claw bar ha Prince Hal bort. Vell, so long, see yer anon-frequently," and as the stamp vanished behind the corner, the reporter realized that the Bowery was wide awake at last.

Affection in Sheep.

At the sheep ranch where I stopped the lambing season was just beginning—the time of greatest anxiety and hardest work for the sheep owner. His pupils is to make the ewes own their lambs. I noticed in one place, where a flock of sheep with young lambs were feeding, that the old herder, with a very unpolished stick not at all resembling the traditional shepherd's crook, was poking up the little strangers to make them follow their mammies, but those mothers did not der away and forget their offspring. At another place in a corral, a herder was rubbing the nose of a ewe upon a lamb that had just been born, to make sure that the mother should know the smell of her own child. Two others had caught and thrown down a big ewe, and were holding her while a couple of weak lambs were sucking enough to keep them from starvation. Sometimes they shut a lamb and its mother together for a few days, and thus succeed in making the latter own and nourish the former; and sometimes, if the lamb dies, its skin is sewed on to a living motherless one, and thus adopting another. By such devices the sheep men can generally save from 60 to 75 per cent. more, while, if the sheep were left to themselves, all but 25 or 30 per cent. of the lambs would perish.—*From letter to Springfield Republican.*

DOMINOES.—Dusting is a perfect mania in Germany; a room is dusted two or three times a day, even where no particle of dust can be seen, and the German housewife prides herself on her exactness, or "accuracy," as they call it there, in all her household duties. Every household is provided with a collection of little brushes—long, short, round, flat, etc.—that in no way, every day, but sweep out every crack and crevice in the furniture.

"IT IS A DUTY," says Mr. Ruskin, "to be nice looking." We find it not only a duty, but a downright pleasure.

THE LITTLE WEASEL.

A Savage Little Beast and Its Ferocious Attack on a Man.

When his anger is fairly up, the weasel is not in the least afraid, even of man himself. A crofter of our acquaintance, says a London magazine, could show until his dying day certain scars and marks of wounds on his hands, and on his neck and cheeks, the result of a terrible weasel attack upon him some five-and-thirty years ago. One morning in autumn he was cutting meadow hay with a scythe, and suddenly, seeing a weasel coming out of an old foal-dyke beside him, he made a cut at it with his scythe, which wounded the weasel so severely that it could only wriggle about upon the ground screaming with rage and pain. The screams of the wounded weasel were the signal to his friends and companions that he was in dire extremity; and instantly from all sorts of holes and crannies in the many-galloway dyke there was a rush of more than a dozen of weasels. Straightway they "went for" the man, with a rage and determination that utterly astounded him. He tried for a little as best he could with his scythe; but in a close encounter it was useless, and throwing it from him, he defended himself as well as he was able with his hands and feet.

He soon found, however, that against assailants of such game and "grit" as weasels, hands and feet were but poor weapons of defense. They climbed up his legs in front of him; they climbed up his legs at back of him; hand over hand they swarmed up on either side of him, biting his hands and arms cruelly in their ascent—for he was without his coat and he had his shirt sleeves well rolled up—though it was evident that these bittings were mere nips en passant, and that their great aim was to get at his throat and face, as if they had made up their minds that there and thereabouts he was most valuable. At one time there were at least half a dozen of them hanging on by his cheeks and worrying him about his neck, under the ears and behind. While they were thus assaulting him they kept up a constant shrill barking and chattering, which the poor fellow declared was more trying to his nerve and manhood than all their bites, savage and sore as these were; and there is little doubt that they would have mangled him horribly, if they did not actually kill him then and there, had not assistance reached him just in time. Two gentlemen who happened to be riding past heard his shouts, and galloped to his aid; and with their whip handles and the assistance of a smart terrier that was along with them, they managed, after a lively skirmish, to drive the weasels away. A few were killed; two or three in the course of the fight by the man himself, and as many more by the gentlemen and the terrier; but the greater number of them made good their escape into the galleries of the foal-dyke, where they were safe from pursuit. His rescuers took the poor man, wounded and bleeding, along with them to Portwilliam, where a surgeon dressed his wounds and otherwise attended to his case. It was weeks before he was well again, and, as we have said, he bore the visible marks of weasel-teeth wounds on his hands and arms, and cheeks, and chin, until his dying day.

The Story of a Scout.

I had among my scouts, says Gen. Gordon, of the Confederate Army, a man named George, one of the bravest fellows that ever lived. When we were on that last retreat, two men in Confederate uniform were captured, and one of them had a lieutenant's insignia.

They were brought into my camp and George said: "General Gordon, I know that man," pointing to one; "he decoyed me into the Federal lines and gave me up."

I said to the Yankee, who was as fine a man as ever I saw in my life, whole in body and whole in soul: "My friend, this is a serious charge against you. I hope you can acquit yourself."

He insisted that he was a Confederate lieutenant and he gave me his place in the Confederate Army with the greatest precision and confidence.

But George said again: "General Gordon, that man is a spy. I cannot be deceived about him."

So I said to the Yankee. "My friend, we will just strip you and see if my scout is not mistaken."

We did strip him, and in a portion of his garments we found a direct order from General Sheridan.

Said I: "My friend, I sympathize with you, but you know the penalty of your detection?"

"Yes," said he, "General Gordon, I have taken my life in my hands a long time. You have caught me. I am ready for the penalty."

I looked into the man's eyes, and I saw the soul of a man there.

Said I: "Take him to the guardhouse."

Now I sincerely hoped I would not have to hang that man. Indeed, I did not mean to hang him. But his offence was a hanging one. The next day it was suggested to me that I had the spy.

Said I: "We are too hotly engaged. Let him go over another day."

I kept reprieving him, and the Federals took him off my hands. I never meant to hang him at all.

How to Prevent Seasickness.

Seasickness is the result, says Mr. Stevens in *Scribner*, of reflex irritations arising from little surprises to the nerves, and shocks to the nerve engaged in performing certain important functions—notably of locomotion, respiration and vision—and when the groups of muscles thus engaged are once educated to the surrounding circumstances, the nervous revulsions are not experienced. Proper attention to the exercise of these functions may so far mitigate the trouble as to make it rather an inconvenience than a distressing illness. Let the disturbingly understood that medicines can only prevent seasickness by inducing nervous insensibility, and that such a stupefying process is directly opposed to the object of the voyage when this is undertaken for the promotion of health. Every article of diet likely to disturb the digestive organs should be avoided, and an abundant supply of oxygen should be inhaled. The feet should be educated, the respiration regulated and the vision restricted. If close attention is given to these directions, in the four or five days sickness need be apprehended; and a voyage which might otherwise be remembered with the most disagreeable associations may be rendered a season of almost uninterrupted enjoyment.

A WESTERN NOVELETTE.

A STORY OF STEADFAST AND TRUE DEVOTION.

How Woman's Love Exacted a Sacrificial Promise which was Cheerfully Granted.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"Pass the butter."

Out beneath the star-gemmed sky, and under the sturdy old oaks that had tad defiance to the storms of centuries, Giraffe Mahaffy and George W. Simpson were sitting that beautiful June night, the balmy breath of the evening that was being wafted in sighing kisses from the everglades of Florida made vocal by the chirp of the cricket and the low, mellow note of the dissipated lunatic as he wandered listlessly around the back yard, now and then dodging in a nonchalant, languid fashion the latest boot-jack as it came hustling through the air with cruel force, or slopping beneath a window to see if his howl was still within reach. Up from the westward came the sound of the sea as its silvered foam plashed in rhythmic cadence on the white sands of the beach, and through the masses of foliage that encircled Braerton Villa could be seen, ever and anon, especially anon, the fitful flicker of the ice-cream lairs that decked the horizon in every direction. It was a night for a poet's pen, a painter's brush, or a large schooner of weiss-beer, and as Giraffe sat there in the gloaming her thoughts wandered back to the days of a year agone, when every moment of her life was brimming over with joy and every day seemed a rose-tinted dream from which one would never care to waken.

And now all was changed. Standing on the verge of womanhood and watching with wistful eyes for the mists of futurity to rise, her life should have been a happy one as Hope called to her with joyous voice and youth laughed back response. But instead of this the darksome shadows of doubt and fear fell over on the pure young face, and in the sweet brown eyer there was a wistful, yearning, Heaven-knows-I-wish-my-shoes-were-two-sizes-larger look that was pitiful in its sad beauty.

"You cannot love me, George," she says at last, "or you would not leave me in this manner—go away for two whole days, when you know that my heart will be breaking for you, and that every moment of your absence will be to me an age of torture and doubt"—and coming to his side she placed her arms about his neck in a shy, hesitating, don't-know-whether-I-am-afoot-or-horseback fashion that tells its own sweet story of a love that will never fade or falter as long as the collateral securities hold out.

And so they stand there, the moments passing by unheeded, the girl nestling in his arms secure in the deep trustfulness of an overpowering passion, while the man, smoothing her fair forehead gently, bends over now and then to kiss the rosy lips that are upturned to his, and then wonders in a dreamy, idyllic, north-side fashion who the last man that held a similar situation on Giraffe's staff might have been. Suddenly the girl breaks the silence—she had broken the man on the last matinee day. "And you must not go!" she says; "really and truly?"

"Yes," he answers, "when duty calls up must obey, and I have seldom known duty to call on the poorest hand."

"But I cannot let you go," she says passionately. "It is cruel to test my love so sorely," and breaking down in a storm of sobs, she clings to him more closely than ever. And then, just as his fears for her reason, so terrible does the blow seem, the sobs that are making the little form quiver with anguish cease, and Giraffe looks up with a happy smile upon her face. "I will be brave," she says, "but you must make me one promise, a holy, sacred promise that even death itself may not absolve you from."

"I will do it gladly, my precious one," he murmurs. "What is this promise?"

"You must promise," she says, "to lend me your razor."

"Why, of course I will, sweetheart," he replies gayly. "I promise you that cheerfully. But why do you make such a strange request?"

"Because," she says in those low, mellow tones that would lure a man through fathoms or to Harvard Junction, "I have a large, throbbing bunion."

The Farm Dairy.

In order to compete with the proprietors of large butter and cheese dairies, farmers have been obliged to give more attention to their own resources for making a good quality of butter and cheese, and only such as do this need hope for marked success. Good cows, well watered and well fed, will produce good milk, but this is not all. Good milk must have proper care and intelligent treatment, or it will not produce fine butter or cheese. At this time of year, and later, there will be much complaint about taint in milk, and this defect is largely attributable to the cows drinking impure, stagnant water. Well watered, means having plenty of good, pure, running water. Cows should also have access to convenient shade in the hot weather. It is not strange that a can of milk is occasionally spoiled in a seemingly unaccountable way when it contains a pailful of milk drawn from a cow in an overheated condition. Cows should not be hurried or worried in going to and from pasture, and when "milking time" comes, let the "thorough work" of cleanliness begin.

In the average farm dairy, too little attention is given to the management of milk. The introduction of what may be termed "the home-made creamery system," has proved a wonderful boon to many farmers. Such as do not invest in the patented creameries, need some artificial method for keeping the milk and cream at a proper temperature. A neighboring farmer has for several years kept milk in a cellar-tank, which is supplied from an adjoining pond of pure water. Into this water-tank, cans 20 inches deep, are set so that the water comes to within two inches of the top, and they are left uncovered, to allow the animal heat to pass off. A thermometer, occasionally plunged into the water enables him to regulate the temperature, which should be at about 62 degrees, and as a result, the cream rises, to a depth of from two to three inches, in the can. The tank was built, and water conducted to it, at a small expense, which has been amply repaid, as the quantity of cream greatly exceeds that produced by the old method, of setting in shallow pans. By some such means as this the farm dairy may be made a profitable adjunct to general farming.—*Agriculturist.*

How to Raise Money.

In New York city the late Moses Taylor paid a larger personal tax than any other person in the city. He paid on an assessed personal valuation of $1,300,000, which is the sum assessed to his widow. W. H. Vanderbilt swore off all his personal tax, but afterward came to the tax office and said that to satisfy "public clamor" he would voluntarily pay a personal tax on a valuation of $1,000,000. Jay Gould pays on only $1,000,000. The James Lenox estate pays on $1,000,000 personal, the Astors on $3,000,000, Mrs. E. D. Morgan on $1,000,000, Mrs. A. T. Stewart on $500,000 and Miss Catherine L. Wolfe on $400,000. There is a decrease each year in the number of persons who pay taxes. Last year only 11,666 persons paid on personal estate and the number will probably be less this year. In 1880 the number was 14,764.

A Personal Tax.

NO HOME EXEMPT

The Source of Those Mysterious Troubles That Come to Every Household Explained.

The following article from the Democrat and Chronicle, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

Sir—My motives for the publication of the most wonderful medicine which, to my own first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against the terrible effects of the insidious influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was brought away from just this position, and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few days previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 210 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were." Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and stupid, have pains in various parts of the body, and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I began, when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a chill which would soon pass off, and for days after this I noticed a heavy, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious, or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from malaria and so doctored myself accordingly, but I got no better, for I most noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a peculiar sediment soon appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicions were wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses, even though it may then be too late. I realized at last my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, oh! how hard I tried. I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America, and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with general prostration; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain, and so on through the list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition finally became pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony, my weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections, and by a frightful mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine was given to no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts, albumen, etc., and struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my partner, the Rev. Dr. Foote, Pastor of St. Paul's church, of this city. I felt that I was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much, but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the most remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the medical profession, I objected to patent medicines, both natural and common with all regular practitioners, but I was so low that I was willing to try anything, and I have seldom known a man to be more astonished than I was when after the first bottle I felt that the remedy was helping me. I continued its use for three weeks, when I was entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used. Since my recovery I have thoroughly investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common diseases, when in reality it was Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its ingenious and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware of the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a chill which would soon pass off, and for days after this I noticed a heavy, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious, or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from malaria and so doctored myself accordingly, but I got no better, for I most noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a peculiar sediment soon appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicions were wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

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